

Barracks and Battlefields

IN INDIA ;

or

THE EXPERIENCES OF A SOLDIER OF THE 10TH FOOT

(NORTH LINCOLN)

IN THE

SIKH WARS

AND

SEPOY MUTINY,

EDITED BY THE

REV. CAESAR CAINE, F. R. G. S.,

WITH A PREFACE BY

MAJOR-GENERAL

SIR H. M. HAVELOCK-ALLAN, BART.,

V.C.,K.C.B., M. P.



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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

It may look unprogressive to bring out another reprint of a book which was first published as far back as the later years of the nienteenth century. It is possible that lot of further research might have taken place in this subject during the succeeding years yet these works maintain their own reference value. The idea behind the present venture is to make available these rare works to most libraries and readers.

The British and other Western scholars rendered great service to this land and their works still have great bearing on the language, Culture and History of the Punjab. The Languages Department has planned to bring out reprints of the most valuable works, including the present one for the benefit of most readers, scholars and research workers.

LAL SINGH

Director,
Languages Department,
Punjab.

Patiala
January, 1971.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE time was when, if a young man joined the Army, he was almost universally regarded as having forfeited every chance of living a true and noble life, and as having "gone to the bad." Unfortunately, this misapprehension has not yet quite disappeared. I have met with delusion again and again, even among those who profess to have a deep interest in the moral welfare of our troops.

During the last twenty-five years in no section of the community, perhaps, has there been witnessed such moral improvement as in the Army. But even thirty or forty years ago characters like Malcolm—the subject of this sketch—did not stand alone. Malcolm was only one of a large number of honourable men who formed by no means an insignificant fraction of the rank and file of the British Troops. This true biographical sketch, consisting partly of letters written from barracks and battlefields in India to friends who preserved them, may lead some, who have misjudged the British soldier, to form a more discriminating estimate of his feelings, thoughts, motives, and worth. Here, then, is one purpose I have before me in writing the story of this humble life.

But I also write for soldiers. The observance of men and events, the desire for improvement, and the devotion to thoughtful correspondence, which characterized Malcolm, are traits worthy of the imitation of every youth and man in the service. The description of men, places, and events, in the letters, will interest the men who have lived in India, and barely less perhaps, those who are expecting to "go out" to that wonderful country. During the last thirty or forty years the places spoken of have changed in many respects, but that will detract from the value of a soldier's opinion of them in the most exciting period of British residence there.

The historical associations of the story have been expanded into four chapters, not simply to elucidate obsecure references in the letters, or to shew the movements of the regiment, but also with the hope that some readers, at least, may be led to take an intelligent interest in the history of our greatest foreign possession—a history so abundantly illustrative of the endurance and valour of the British soldier.

Of course, only *selections* from the letters are presented and all errors—verbal, and those of fact arising from incorrect newspaper reports at the time—are corrected. One or two letters are compiled from letters written by Malcolm, when an old man, narrating reminiscence of his early life. Yet the letters, as they stand here, do not over-represent the intelligence displayed by the originals.

I gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to the kindness of Major General Sir H. M. Havelock-Allan, Bart., who has added several notes, and the Preface which follows.

C. C.

17, New Walk Terrace,

York.

PREFACE

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. M. HAVELOCK-ALLEN, BART.,
V. C., K. C. B., M. P.

I HAVE much pleasure in stating that I was myself Adjutant of the 10th Foot during seven years of the time to which this narrative relates, I know the facts therein given to be accurately as well as most graphically described.

Malcolm's power of observation and of describing in their political results, as well as their military details, the stirring events in which he took part, are most remarkable in a man occupying humble and restricted position of a private soldier. His broad views, as well as the high tone of all his comments, make one justly proud of the grand material to be found in the ranks of the British Army, both then, and I am confident, equally now. In the hope that this story of a humble life, honourably devoted to the service of our country, may be an example and incentive to many young soldiers in showing them that constituency, quite perseverance, and honest performance of daily duty, especially when animated by high Christian principal, though apparently unobserved at the time, will "carry weight" and eventually receive their reward in the respect and admiration of a man's fellows and of those placed over him, I have much pleasure in recording my testimony to the accuracy and truthfulness of an old comrade and fellow soldier.

HENRY M. HAVELOCK-ALLEN,
Major-General,
Formerly Adjutant of the 10th Foot.

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father, who shortly after the loss of his wife had been promoted from Lance-Sergeant to Regimental Schoolmaster. Those who know anything of soldiers' hearts will be assured that the desolate orphan would not be without sympathisers and friends The Quartermaster and the Schoolmaster had fostered a most intimate friendship, and when the Schoolmaster died, the Quartermaster would gladly have adopted his comrade's child. But away in Manchester there were two aunts and an aged grandmother (the father's mother and sisters) and they would listen to no proposal but that the orphan should be sent home to them. At this time the 10th Foot, also stationed in Corfu, was about to remove to Ireland, having been in this and other Ionian Islands since 1828. It was therefore decided by the authorities, and his friends in the 5th, to send young Malcolm home with the returning regiment, and early in 1838 the youth arrived in Portsmouthe. He travelled to London by the stage coach, and thence to Manchester by one of Pickford's vans.

Here a most singular and providential episode fell to his experience. On his arrival, the boy discovered to his dismay that his relations had removed, though no intimation of this change had reached him. As he wandered about the streets, he was found by a sergeant of the 86th Foot, then stationed in the Salford Barracks. The story of the dead soldier's child proved such an appeal to the kind heart of the sergeant that he took the boy to the barracks and kept him for some weeks, during which time he made fruitless efforts to find the boy's relatives. Meanwhile the anxiety of the grandmother was aroused. Having decided to make immediate enquiries she naturally made her way to the nearest military depot—the barracks at Salford. Little did she dream that the child she sought was within those very walls. She told her story to the Sergeant-Major of the 86th, who generously offered to write to the Officer Commanding the depot of the 5th at Portsmouth, asking if any tidings of the boy had been received there since his departure for the north, explaining that as he had not arrived in Manchester, fears were entertained that he was

lost. About the time of the delivery of this letter from the Sergeant-Major of the 86th, another letter also came to the Officer Commanding the depot at Portsmouth—a letter from a sergeant of the 86th, saying he had a boy in his quarters whom he had found as a waif in the streets of Manchester, but who originally belonged to the 5th. The letter stated that the writer had sought in vain for the boy's relatives, and that now he desired directions concerning him from the regimental authorities. The letters explained and answered each other, and great was the astonishment of the Sergeant-Major when he learned that the boy he sought was to be found in the Salford Barracks, under the care of a sergeant of his own regiment.

Young Malcolm had received an elementry education under his father in the regimental school, and this, on his restoration to his friends in Manchester, was supplemented by three years attendance at a public day school. But when at the expiration of this period, it was suggested that it was high time for apprenticeship to begin, the boy urged that he could not be happy out of the army, and that he had a strong desire to go abroad. At this his friends were very disappointed, and the old grandmother was quite distressed. At first they argued with him, but soon saw that it would be unwise to oppose the wishes of the boy, who seemed to pine for regimental life again, as a caged bird for its native air. A situation in a surveyor's office had actually been secured for him, but on the 15th May, 1841, he enlisted as a boy in the 1st Battalion of the 10th Foot and was posted to the drums. This was the same regiment with which he had returned from Corfu. After reaching Portsmouth in 1838, the 10th proceeded to Ireland; then, after remaining a short time there, returned to England, and in 1841 were stationed in Salford, and it was here that Malcolm met with his old friendsand enlisted.

During this year the regiment visited Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Manchester, and early in 1842, under the command of Colonel Considine, R.H., embarked for India.

The young drummer landed at Calcutta on the 4th of August, 1842. For more than two years the regiment remained at Fort William, Calcutta, and then marched for Meerut, under command of Major Franks, a true soldier, a stern disciplinarian, and a man destined to win in India high military honours. The cantonments of Meerut were reached in February, 1845. It was here twelve years later that the Sepoy revolt, no longer a matter of high military crimes merely, blazed forth in all its most fearful forms. Towards the close of the year the regiment was preparing to join the army of the Sutlej for the first Sikh war.

PART I.

THE SIKH WARS.

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THE SIKH WARS.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST WAR.—HISTORICAL SKETCH, 1845-6.

THE SIKHS NOT A NATIONALITY.—THE SIKHS A RELIGIOUS MILITARY BROTHERHOOD.—RUNJEET SINGH.—INTRIGUE AND ANARCHY.—BRITISH CAUTION.—THE SIKHS SEEK A COLLISION.—BATTLE OF MOODKEE.—BATTLE OF FEROZESHUHUR.—BATTLE OF ALIWAL.—SOBRAON AND THE GALLANT 10TH.—THE RESULTS OF THE WAR.

BEFORE narrating the experiences of Private Malcolm and his comrades in the Sikh wars, it will be well to give some account of the Sikh people. To pass over this chapter—a temptation which will present itself to some readers—would be to frustrate an object which has been referred to as an important purpose of this story. Besides, it is necessary to present some such facts as follow, in Malcolm's letters which require enlargement to make them intelligible.

The Sikhs, though not forming more than one fourth of the population, were the rulers of the Punjab,—now the north-western province of British India. They were not, in the strict sense of the term, a nation but a union of various races, produced by a common religious faith, and an intense military enthusiasm, the creative genius of the system being Nanuk Guru, who flourished in the fifteenth century. One of the characters in the historical romance, "Adven-

tures of an officer in the Punjaub," written by Major H. M. L. Lawrence,* when Political Agent in charge of British relations with Lahore, is represented as hitting off this mixed character of the Sikh nation by saying, "But can a person of the Sahib's discernment suppose that a people composed of the offscouring of all other tribes have not as much difference in their features as in their castes. Go to the bazaar ; take any dirty, naked lucha,† twist up his hair, give him a lofty turban and a clean vest, comb out and lengthen his beard, and gird his loins with a yellow kamarbund ; put a clumsy sword by his side and a long spear in his cowardly hand, set him on a strong, bony two-year-old horse, and you will have a passable Sikh." Of course this speech is embittered with tribal prejudice, but yet it shows how the Sikhs were regarded by neighhours boasting a definite nationality.

The Sikh faith had many points in common with the heathen religions of India, yet, unlike the Hindus, the Sikhs knew nothing of caste, but boasted they were a brotherhood—the Khalsa.‡ From the beginning of the century to 1839 the Maharaja of this military people was Runjeet Singh, a one-eyed, diminutive man, but a person possessing great organising and governing ability, who devoted himself to the work of perfecting the Khalsa army. After his death the court at Lahore, the capital, became the scene of some of the darkest episodes of jealousy, intrigue, treachery, and murder that even the East can supply. The "fathomless duplicity" of Sikh character is most powerfully portrayed in Major Lawrence's book already referred to. In five years there were no less than five arrangements of government, and in that period two Maharajas—Kharak Singh and Sher Singh—one Queen-mother, the wife of Karak Singh, and four Prime Ministers were either murdered or executed. The final outcome of this wretched

* Afterwards Sir Henry Lawrence.

† "Lucha" means vagabond, rouge.

‡ "Khalsa" simply means "elect."

history was that the military gained the ascendency as the ruling power of the State.

The Governor General (Lord Ellenborough) saw that this turbulence on the frontier was highly perilous to British interests, and he ordered a force to the North-west.

Lord Ellenborough's fears were soon realised. The Sikhs crossed the Sutlej, the most southern tributary of the Indus, which divided the Punjab from British India, in November, 1845, thus invading British territory. Some say that the Sikhs, anticipating an invasion by the British, preferred to be first in the field, and crossed the Sutlej to forestall our expected attack upon them. Others explain this invasion of the Sikhs by saying, that the wretched government of the Punjab feared displacement by its own army, and so sought to divert the attention of the military authorities, and to weaken the military power, by turning the Sikh forces loose upon the British.

There can be no doubt that both motives contributed to the outbreak. Major H. B. Edwardes, C.B., in "A year on the Punjab Frontier," says "When Runjeet Singh died, it became the fashion among Sikhs to *expect* a British war, and like many prophets of evil among ourselves they *made their own prophecy come true.*" In another place he adds, "It was *to divert the Sikh army* from dethroning Duleep (Dhulip) Singh that his able and unscrupulous mother Maharanee Chunda Kowr thrust on them the invasion of British India."

Ferozepore was then our farthest outpost, and the invaders were soon sighted in that vicinity by Sir John Littler, who commanded the garrison. Sir John challenged the enemy, but there was a division in the Sikh camp, and the force divided, Sirdar Lal Singh leading away one division, and Sirdar Tej Singh remaining with the other in the neighbourhood of Ferozepore, without giving battle. The Commander-in-Chief (Sir Hugh Gough), and the Governor General (Sir Henry Hardinge, who had just succeeded Lord Ellenborough) were pressing

forward to Ferozepore, having heard of the proximity of the Khalsa army, where they encountered at Moodkee on December the 18th, Lal Singh's force. "Our troops were in a state of great exhaustion, principally for the want of water, which was not procurable on the road when information was received that the Sikh army was advancing, and the troops had scarcely time to get under arms and move to their positions when the fact was ascertained."* The Sikhs fought with such combined courage and ability as made it "no easy matter to close the day with honour to the British arms,"† Three days later the army at the Sutlej, now joined by Sir John Littler, moved on to Ferozeshuhur, where Lal Singh had entrenched himself. After a terrible fight victory was with the British, and the beaten Sikhs were driven across the Sutlej into their own territory, a fate which befell Tej Singh also, for he marched towards Ferozesh ihur evidently to join Lal Singh again, but finding Lal Singh's forces scattered, he also beat a hasty retreat.

In January the Sikh forces re-crossed the Sutlej. On the 28th of that month General Sir Harry Smith, by a series of skilful manoeuvres, completely routed a Sikh force at Aliwal.

Their final stand was made at Sobraon. The battle was fought on February the 10th, and proved "the hardest fought battle in British India."‡ The loss of the Khalsa army was variously estimated from five thousand to eight thousand men. The British loss was upwards of three hundred killed and two thousand wounded.

The 10th Foot had joined the Commander-in-Chief in January, and took a most conspicuous part in this battle. It will be well to reserve the details of the battle of Sobraon, simply stating at this point the results of the war, which were as follow :—

The British frontier was extended to the river Ravee, a more northern tributary of the Indus than the Sutlej. Gholab Singh, a

* Steinbach's "Punjab."

† "British Rule in India, "Harriet Martineau.

‡ "History of India," J. Talboys Wheeler.

former minister of Runjeet Singh, and originally a common soldier, who contributed one million sterling to the British Government towards the cost of the war, the impoverished Sikh Government being unable to pay one-and-a-half millions imposed by the victors, was made Maharaja of Kashmir, which province was previously ceded to the British by the young Sikh Maharaja, Duleep Singh.

The Sikh Government, represented by this young son of Runjeet Singh, and his mother as Queen Regent, were permitted to retain jurisdiction only over the diminished territory, and their army was proportionately reduced. It was also arranged that a British force should be stationed at Lahore.

CHAPTER II.

(SOBRAON, FEBRUARY 10TH, 1846.)

A MARCH OVER BATTLEFIELDS.—THE UNBURIED SLAIN.—REGIMENTAL LOSSES AT SOBRAON.—"SOBRAON" ON THE COLOURS.—OFFICIAL ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE.—THE BAND IN THE RANKS.—SEEKING A SON AMONG THE DEAD.—LIEUT. BEALE.—LAHORE. BACK TO QUARTERS.—REWARDS.

In a letter written after the battle of Sobraon, the march of the 10th to the river Sutlej is thus told by Private Malcolm :—

"I hope you will excuse me not writing to you before this, but I assure you it could not be avoided, as my regiment, together with most of the Bengal army, were assembled on the banks of the river Sutlej in battle against the Sikhs. This is a war that has been contemplated for the last twenty years back, but never came to anything until now. We marched from Meerut for the river Sutlej on the 16th of December. On our march we encamped on the battle field of Moodkee, and passed near the entrenchments of Ferozeshuhur where the Commander-in-Chief and Governor General fought the Sikhs under Lal Singh, who is not only a General but Prime Minister of the country. Both battles occurred within a week of our leaving Meerut. We found many of the slain lying about, and it became our unpleasant duty to bury their bodies. About three weeks after leaving Meerut we came to the banks of the Sutlej, where there were fifty thousand troops assembled (natives and Europeans) in arms against the enemy."

The battle of Sobraon is thus simply sketched :—

"A decisive battle was fought on the 10th of February, where the

old 10th Regiment won the admiration of the Commander-in- Chief and the whole army. Twenty-nine brave soldiers of this gallant regiment, with one officer, were killed, and one hundred and two wounded, several dying since of their wounds. The name of the action was Sobraon.''

Because of the gallantry displayed by the 10th in this battle, Her Majesty was pleased to authorise the regiment to bear on its colours the word "Sobraon". It will not be out of place therefore to give the story of the battle in the stirring words of the Regimental Records of the 10th—"The Sikhs formed a strongly entrenched camp at Sobraon. Although the intelligence of the victory of Aliwal on the 28th January, 1846, and the sight of the numerous bodies which floated from the vicinity of that battle-field to the bridge of boats at Sobraon, apparently disheartened the enemy, and caused many of them to return to their homes, yet in a few days they appeared as confident as ever of being able in their entrenched position to defy the Anglo-Indian army, and to prevent the passage of the Sutlej .

The heavy ordnance having arrived on the 8th February, the day on which the forces under Major-General Sir Herry Smith rejoined the main body of the army, it was determined, on coming at once to a battle with the Sikhs, to storm their enterenchments, and finally to drive them out of Hindoostan. This was an undertaking of some magnitude. The position at Sobraon was covered with formidable entrenchments, and defended by thirty thousand of the elite of the Khalsa troops ; besides being united by a good bridge to a reserve on the opposite bank of the river, on which was stationed a considerable camp, with artillery, which commanded and flanked the enemy's field works on the British side of the Sutlej.

About day break on the 10th February, the mortars, battering rams, and field artillery were disposed on the alluvial land, embracing within its fire the enemy's works. As soon as the sun's rays cleared the heavy mist which hung over the plain, the cannonade commenced,

but, not withstanding the admirable manner in which the guns served, it would have been visionary to expect they could, within any limited time, silence the fire of seventy pieces of artillery behind well-constructed batteries, or dislodge troops so strongly entrenched. It soon became evident to the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Hugh Gough, that musketry and the bayonet must ultimately decide the contest.

Accordingly, the seventh brigade, in which was the 10th Foot, reinforced by the fifth-third regiment, and led by Brigadier Stacy, was ordered to head the attack, to turn the enemy's right, to encounter the enemy's fire before his numbers were thinned, or spirit broken, and (to use the soldier-like expression of the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Hugh Gough) "to take off the rough edge of the Sikhs in the fight." An opportunity was now afforded for the 10th to distinguish itself, and the regiment nobly availed itself of this opportunity. At nine o'clock the brigade moved on to the attack over the sandy flat in admirable order, halting to correct, when necessary, any imperfections in its line. For some moments, notwithstanding the regularity and coolness of the assault, so hot was the fire of the Khalsa troops that it seemed almost impracticable to gain the entrenchments. A brief halt ensued, the brigade again advanced, and, persevering gallantly, triumphed. The 10th Foot, under Lieut.-Col. Franks, now, for the first time, brought into serious contact with the enemy, greatly distinguished itself. With cool and steady courage *the regiment marched on with the precision of a field day, and never fired as hot until within the works of the enemy*, a forbearance much to be commended, and worthy of constant imitation, to which the success of the first effort, and the small loss sustained by the regiment may be attributed.

Other brigades, at the moment of this successful onset, were ordered forward in support. The thunder of upwards of one hundred pieces of ordnance reverberated through the valley of the Sutlej, and it was soon perceived that the weight of the whole force within the

enemy's camp was likely to be thrown upon the two brigades, (sixth and seventh) that had passed the trenches. The Sikhs fought with the energy of desperation, and, even when some of their entrenchments were mastered with the bayonet, endeavoured to recover with the sword the positions they had lost. It was not until the weight of all three divisions of infantry, in addition to several regiments of cavalry, with the fire of every piece of field artillery that could be sent to their aid, had been felt, that the enemy gave way. The Sikh regiments retreated at first in tolerable order, but the incessant volleys of the British soon caused them to take a rapid and discomfited flight. Masses of them precipitated themselves on to their bridge, which, being broken by the fire of the British, was incapable to sustain the multitude pressing forward, and the sudden rise of the Sutlej rendered the ford almost impassable, adding another obstacle to the escape of the enemy. A dreadful carnage ensued. The stream was red with the bodies of men and horses, the bridge in many places had given way, and it is considered that at least a third of the Sikh army perished in the battle ; sixtyseven of their guns fell into the hands of the victors, together with two hundred small camel swivels (zumboo rucks), numerous standards, and vast munitions of war

In this manner ended the battle of Sobraon ; at six in the morning it commenced ; at nine it became a hand to hand conflict ; and by eleven the victory was gained."

The following incidents of this battle, related in the letter already quoted, must not be omitted.

"In the engagement the band was placed in the ranks, and one of the best musicians we had was killed. His father is also in the 10th—a corporal—and after the battle he went over the field looking for the body of his son. It is reported that the Colonel has stated that he will never put the band in the ranks again, even if we fought twenty battles a day. He seems to feel the loss of poor Gleeson very much. We buried Lieutenant Beale, the officer of our regiment

who was killed, at the foot of a tree." During the progress of the war, the Sikhs tried to come to terms with the British, but they refused the conditions proposed by the Governor-General. After the battle of Sobraon, the Governor-General proceeded to Lahore and laid down the conditions stated in the last chapter.

Malcolm subsequently wrote home :—

"On the 13th of the same month we crossed the river into their country, and were encamped under the walls of Lahore, their principal city, one of the richest and best cities in the world, where they came to terms and brought the war to an end. We are now on our march back to Meerut. The whole campaign has lasted from the 16th of December to the 15th of April, being four months,* and many a hard day and night we have had during that time with hunger, thirst, cold, heat, and without anything to lie on for nights together. Thanks to Almighty God I have escaped the danger of war, and have lived to receive a distinguished mark of the bravery of the gallant corps to which I belong. The whole of the army engaged in the action are to receive a silver medal to be worn on the left breast as a trophy of the victory against the Sikhs, also prize money to each soldier to the amount of about £ 7 British currency, or seventysix rupees of this country's coin."

*The campaign proper did not last more than two months "The Sikh sought the callision, and was humbled to the dust in a campaign of 60 days. —*Edwardes*.

CHAPTER III.

INTERVAL 1846—1848.

"HOW BIG ?"—BACK IN QUARTERS.—RETURN TO LAHORE.—TREACHERY.—CHANCES OF PROMOTION.—A REVIEW.—DEARTH OF ENGLISH GOODS.—COMRADES.—THE HEAT.—HELP FOR IRELAND.—MANNER OF LIFE.—GENTLEMEN SOLDIERS.—NO PLACE LIKE HOME, THOUGH.—OFFENDERS.—NEW QUARTERS.—PREPARING FOR A MARCH.—A REVIEW OF SIX YEAR'S SERVICE : CALCUTTA, A MARCH, MEERUT, A CAMPAIGN, MEERUT, LAHORE, CHANGED ASPECT OF THE REGIMENT.

ON his return to the cantonments at Meerut, on the conclusion of the war, Malcolm was little more than a big youth. He writes :—

"I shall be 19 years of age by the time this reaches home. I have grown very tall since I left England. I am taller than my father was. I am five feet eight inches in height, and my father was only five feet six inches. I am sure you would not know me now."

His first letter from Meerut says :—

"You must excuse me for not writing oftener, for I assure you it was impossible for me to write on the line of march from Lahore. The post also was stopped for a length of time in consequence of some treachery between some of the Rajahs and the Sikhs, but now, as we have returned to quarters again, I will be able to write you regularly."

This intention was faithfully carried out. His friends in England

were cheered by hearing from him monthly. The present chapter will consist simply of an interesting selection from those letters.

"Lahore,
4th January, 1847.

"You will see from the name of the place where this letter is written from, that we have been marching again. We arrived here on the 1st of the New Year to relieve the 80th, which has been in the garrison here since the conclusion of the treaty with the Sikhs. We are settled for this year at all events on mutton and rice. There is no beef allowed to be killed here, the reason being that the natives look upon the cow as sacred. It is mutton, mutton, all the year round.*

"It appears that Lal Singh has been tyring to raise a rebellion in Kashmir against Gholab Singh, but the chief who headed the rebellion became frightened, told of Lal Singh, and showed to Major Lawrence, who had moved against him at the head of the Sikh troops, the letters he had received from Lal Singh urging him to rebellion. The British instantly had Lal Singh taken prisoner. He was deprived of his position as Prime Minister, and sent to one of the strongest forts in the country, where he is a prisoner for life.

"You say uncle wishes me to attend school for the sake of promotion. He is not aware that for such as me there is no promotion, let one's conduct be ever so good There are only thirty men and boys in the band and drums, and over these thirty there are only two non-commissioned officers allowed, and those two are generally old and experienced soldiers, and good performers to teach the young boys. As for getting into the ranks, this the Colonel will not allow, as it is not very easy to get drummers 'ready made.' The Commanding Officer only sends a drummer or bandsman to the ranks for habitual drunkenness, when he can do no good with him. So I must not think of promotion. We have witnessed one case of rapid promotion here.

* Beef was interdicted and mutton sparingly used"—*Steinback*.

Our present Adjutant enlisted about the time I did. He was colour-sergeant at Sobraon. He got to be Adjutant all in about five years."

"Lahore,

"12th April, 1847.

"We have been in camp since last January, owing to the barracks undergoing repair.

"We had a great review for the young King of Lahore in February last. We pleased him very much, and he made the regiment a present of five thousand five hundred rupees. We did not expect it from him. It was laid out in a dinner on the 10th of February, the anniversary of the battle of Sobraon, in which the 10th Regiment bore such a distinguished part. Many of the men were drunk, but there was no notice taken of anyone.

"This is the hottest place I have been in since I left England, and I have been hot enough I assure you this last five years.

"One can scarcely get anything that is used by English people. I had a deal of bother to get this sheet of letter paper and a sort of a pen. The ink I had to make out of a powder. You would oblige me very much if you would send me out some English needles in your next letter, as the needles of this country cannot be used.

"The people are very civil. None of them can speak English, though some of them can speak the lower country language, such as is used about Calcutta, and a great number of the men of the regiment can speak it,—I myself for one.

"I was lying on my cot the other day after dinner playing with a little child belonging to one of the men, when it struck me all at once that that was the way the men used to play with me. There are seventeen of us who stop in one room, all young men—and out of that number there are eleven that enlisted along with me in Manchester. The rest are boys that have joined from the depot."

In this and in following letters the young soldier refers to the heat as being distressing. Colonel Steinback, in his account of the Sikhs,

again I trust, but His will be done. Marching in the month of April in this country, we shall suffer a great deal from the heat. We have got orders as to what we are to take—we are to take two white cotton jackets, one shirt on and the other in the packet, two towels, three pairs of socks, two pairs of boots, one blanket, and a great coat. We have to lie on the bare ground, with the blanket and coat over us. This month six years ago I left old England. Since then I have seen some up and downs in India. The regiment my father belonged to was eleven years out, but they were as well off as in England, good barracks, good rations, good pay, and no marching. But the six years this regiment has been in India they have suffered much. During the two years we were in Calcutta we lost two majors, one doctor, one lieutenant, and a paymaster and about two hundred and fifty men through cholera and other ailments prevailing in the country. We then had a march of seventy-six days, one thousand miles, from Calcutta to Meerut, which took us, including the halts, one hundred and eight days, lying on the ground all that time. We remained from February till December in Meerut, and lost Colonel Considine, who commanded us when we came out from England, one lieutenant and ninety men in the month of September with the cholera. We marched on the campaign from Meerut—twenty-four day's march—and engaged in the battle of Sobraon, losing one officer, one sergeant, and twenty-eight men killed on the field, and up-wards of one hundred wounded. We then marched to Lahore—four days' march—and remained here one month and fifteen days, lying on the ground all the time. Our next march was back to Meerut, when we lost several men with fever. Finally we marched here again in October, 1846, and remained in the fort till about a week ago. Since the close of the war we have lost one hundred and ninety-eight men. You may call that soldering, and no mistake! We would be reduced to nothing, only for volunteers we get from regiments going home, and recruits from England. There are not *two hundred men* in the regiment that came out with it six years ago. We have only *two officers* that were in the regiment in 1842—Colonel Franks and Colonel Longden."

CHAPTER IV.

THE SECOND WAR (HISTORICAL SKETCH).

1848—1849.

MAJOR HENRY LAWRENCE.—CHANGES.—DISCONTENT —ASSASSINATION AND REVOLT.—DELAY, TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.—LIEUTENANT EDWARDES.—GENERAL WHISH. CAPTURE OF MOOLTAN.—THE 10TH AGAIN.—THE COMAMNDER-IN-CHIEF.—FINAL BATTLF OF GUJERAT.

IN the last letter there was an intimation that the regiment was about to march. This was a result of certain tragic events at Mooltan.

At the conclusion of the Sikh war of 1845-6, and the signing of the Lahore treaty, Major Henry Lawrence, afterwards Colonel, and then Sir Henry Lawrence, was appointed British Resident at Lahore, and all went well till 1848, when he vacated the post, and his able services were recognised by his being made a K.C.B. (Civil).

Major Henry Lawrence was succeeded by Sir Frederic Currie. The change involved certain alterations in the revenue system, and there arose loud and general expressions of discontent.

Mulraj, Governor of Mooltan, encouraged by this spirit of dissatisfaction, resigned his position, rather than pay an old debt which was demanded of him, though it was only a small proportion of his liabilities. His resignation, evidently to his astonishment and annoyance, was accepted, and one Khan Singh was appointed in his place. Khan Singh was accompanied to Mooltan by two Englishmen, Mr. Vans Agnew and Lieut. Anderson. Messrs Agnew and Anderson were treacherously murdered, and their small force deserted to the

Khalsa standard. Sirdar Khan Singh was imprisoned by the rebels. Lord Dalhousie had only lately arrived in India as successor to Lord Hardinge, and on the advice of the Commander-in-Chief, he delayed operations against Mooltan until the height of the summer season was passed. It has been said, "This delay in crushing the paltry outbreak of Mulraj aroused the military enthusiasm of the Sikhs throughout the Punjab, and necessitated a second war." But on the other hand the delay has been spoken of as providential. The Governor General, writing on April 7th, 1849, said—"Whether the immediate commencement of the siege of Mooltan would or would not have averted the war that has occurred can never be determined. But this at least is certain, that if the short delay which took place in punishing the murder of two British officers at Mooltan could produce a universal rising against us throughout all the Punjab, the very fact itself betokens the existence of a deep and widespread feeling of hostility against us, which could not long have been repressed. The worst that can be alleged, therefore, against the delay is that it precipitated the crisis, and opened somewhat earlier to the Sikhs that opportunity for renewal of war, which sooner or later so bitter a spirit of hostility must have soon created for itself."

This war occasioned many bloody engagements. As early as April, Lieut. Edwardes, who was on duty at Cunnu, marched against Mulraj and defeated him in two pitched battles—Kineyree on June 18th, and Suddoosam on July 1st—confining Mulraj to the city and fortress. Sher Singh, a Sikh officer in the British service, was sent with troops to assist Lieut. Edwardes, and, later, Major-General Whish, C.B., commanding the Punjab division appeared before Mooltan his force including two British regiments, Her Majesty's 10th and 32nd Foot. On the 14th September when Mooltan was all but won, Sher Singh went over to the enemy, and General Whish finding himself out-numbered, was compelled to retire and assume the defensive. Later on, when Sher Singh through jealousy had left Mulraj and pro-

CHAPTER V.

THE SECOND WAR, LETTERS, &C.

ALARM IN LAHORE.—STATE OF AFFAIRS.—SEPOYS "AT IT" ALSO—
—NEWS FROM HOME.—NEW DANGERS AND INCREASED VIGILANCE.
—KEEPING THINGS QUIET.—A HOT MARCH TO MOOLTAN. EVILS OF STRONG DRINK.—REPULSE OF THE ENEMY, NIGHT ATTACK EN ROUTE.—REPULSE OF THE ENEMY'S NIGHT ATTACK ON THE TRENCHES.
—ATTACK ON THE ENEMEY'S STRONGLY ENTRENCHED POSITION.
—DEATH OF MAJOR MONTEZAMBERT.—A TERRIFFIC FIGHT—WOUNDED.—DESERTION OF AN ALLY.—THE BRITISH RETIRE.—PROSPECTS AND FEARS,—ACTION BEFORE MOOLTAN.

THE following letters describe very correctly the part taken by the 10th Foot in the events narrated in the foregoing sketch.

"In my last I told you that we expected to march up the country. I was going to send you a paper, at least a piece of one, giving you an account of the whole affair, but I was dis-appointed by the person who promised it to me, so I must only try and let you know the best way I can about the matter. On the night of the day I wrote you the letter we were ordered to march at twelve o'clock. We had everything ready, and were prepared to move when information reached us that when we left Annerkullie (or rather Lahore) some thousands of disbanded Sikh soldiers were prepared to come down on this place burn the barracks, and put to death all the women and the few men that would be left behind, so the Commander-in-Chief could not possibly move us. We did not march, but were ordered to be ready at a moment's notice.

"The Rajah of Mooltan has refused to pay tribute to the Lahore Durbar. Two British officers were sent from Lahore to Mooltan to enforce payment. These two officers Mulraj caused to be put to death. A force was then marched up under Lieutenant Edwardes, of whose bravery you have no doubt heard. He engaged the enemy in two battles, and took six guns from them, but he was not able to take the fort. Still the British have to put up with it all, till about October next, as it would kill the Europeans to march this time of the year, and these Sikhs know that, or they would not go on as they do now.

"We are in a queer mess. Up the country there is an enemy of some thousands prepared to give us battle, and here we are not safe in our beds. All those Sikhs that were beaten in the last campaign have taken up arms and are going to drive the British out of Lahore. Two or three nights we were in great danger of being attacked. We were ordered to keep our boots and trousers on, and to rush out on the first alarm, every man loading his firelock as he went out. About a week ago, at half-past eleven at night, the mounted sentry galloped in saying that there was a very unusual noise about a mile from our barracks, and shortly after there was a report of a gun. On hearing this every man got up, dressed and was out in five minutes, ready for action, but somehow or other they thought we were prepared for them, and they did not come. Our women are all going to Ferozepore on the other side of the Sutlej. The worst of all is that our own native soldiers, the Sepoys, are turned against us. Last Thursday there were three chiefs to be hanged for offering the Sepoys bribes to desert the British, and fight with them against us. One of them was taken in the very act of writing a letter to the Rajah of Mooltan, telling him he would engage to win the Sepoys over in his favour. The regiments that were tempered with were the 8th, 50th, and 52nd Native Infantry. Numbers of the men of these regiments accepted the bribes offered

them. The plan was this. On a certain day of the month, at night, these Sepoys were to allow some thousand armed men to pass their post, and to rush into the barracks of one of the regiments and officers' quarters, and to put to death all the Europeans. I must let you know how the plot was discovered. Some of the soldiers of Major Wheeler's House were bribed, but having a liking for their officer they disclosed the secret to him. He went with some more officers to their place of meeting and apprehended the leaders. They were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. Two of them were hanged but the third was let off on condition he pointed out the Sepoys who were bribed. This he did. The Sepoys were all paraded. Then he went down the ranks and picked out two. Some of the other Sepoys, on seeing him come up, fairely cut out of the ranks, and have not since been heard of. The two Sepoys were hanged on a public parade for that purpose. You see we had a very providential escape. To-day the 53rd regiment might have been destroyed The place they were going to for service this morning was found last night to be all undetermined with bags of powder, so you mav guess how we are situated here—not sure of our lives one moment through the treachery of the Sikhs. We have a picquet up all night going round the place, till we get more men up, as we cannot trust to the Sepoys."

"Annerkullie, Lahore,

"4th June, 1848.

"On the 21st of last month I had a paper from home, the *Manchester Courier*. I am much obliged to you for your kind attention to me in sending me a paper now and then. My comrades sometimes envy me this pleasure. You (if you were here) would sometime hear them say 'I wish I had a kind friend who would send me a paper.' It is not so much the *paper* as the thought of it coming *from England*, and that you still have some one left who takes the trouble of sending to you. These are the feelings of a poor soldier in India. The poor soldier who has no friends who will trouble to write or send

to him has no pleasure in the mail coming. All they can say to such favoured ones as myself is, 'I wish I were like you.' I really believe a number of men in this country bring on sickness through continual grief. Far away from their homes, amongst savages, and the possibility of their never seeing England again! These fasts bring on sickness, and even cause crime.

"Since I last wrote to you there have been several attempts made to destroy the British here. The first attempted to bribe the cooks to poison us. This was discovered by a little native boy who told one of the officers. They next poisoned several wells where the Europeans got water, but the almighty Hand was over us in this as well as everything else. Failing in this, they made several mines with barrels of powder, but this was discovered, but not till six or eight of our own camp followers with some horses were blown up and killed. There is every preparation going on in India for a great war this cold season. I think we shall march from here about August next. The 14th Dragoons and four guns, with two native regiments, left here two days ago. They have gone about four miles from this place to occupy a fort on the banks of a river, which is to be a look-out post. One wing of our regiment is dressed every night, and the other is not allowed to take off their trousers. I am not a lover of war, but rather than be kept in suspense, I wish they would decide it at once."

"Annerkullie, Lahore,

"30th June, 1843.

Things have been very quiet here since I last wrote, but every preparation is being made for a march in Ocbtober next to Mooltan. Today there was talk of our going before then, but I think it is only a report. I can assure you, I don't wish to move during this hot weather. This summer, thank God, as yet have been very favourable to us. This month (June) we have only lost three men. One man was found dead in his bed through bursting a blood vessel, and other two died of cholera. We have not had such a

favourable summer since we have been in India. But there are two very sickly months to come on yet."

"Mooltan Camp,
"28th August, 1848.

"You will see by this letter that we have left Lahore. On the 27th of last month we sailed in boats down the river Ravee, within five days' march of this place. We did not expect to move before October, but as far as I can learn it could not be avoided. The 10th regiment and two native regiments with three troops of horse artillery, formed the Lahore division. The 32nd regiment (British), and four native regiments, with the very large guns and some cavalry formed another division, and left Ferozepore last month. The two English regiments sailed in boats ; the native marched, being better able to stand the sun.

"We disembarked on the 13th instant, and commenced our march for this place, expecting to be attacked every hour. The sun was dreadfully warm. We marched daily from 1 o'clock to 6 or 7 o'clock in the morning. You may have an idea of the very oppressive heat when I tell you that on the second day's march we lost four men, and fifty-eight were admitted into the hospital from the effects of the sun. These poor fellows were bled, and their heads shaved. Several of them have died since. One colonel, one sergeant, and eight men were carried to their long homes, without coffins or anything but a blanket round them. Only fancy a regiment marching in the month of July in one of the hottest countries in the world —the thermometer stood at 110 in the shade. The poor 32nd regiment suffered more than we. They lost 16 men in one day's march, but thanks to our Colonel, we had not as free use of the ardent spirit as they had. The use of ardent spirits makes a man liable to sunstroke. Our regiment only gets two drams per day, and each of them well watered, and that only at sun-down. I don't think if they could help it they would bring us up this weather. After the third day's march from the

boats, we were engaged with 4,000 of the Rajah's troops.* They came down on us at night, and opened fire on our picquets. In less than five minutes we were under arms and ready for them. They fought pretty well for about an hour and a half, when they were obliged to retreat. They wounded several of our men, and killed some of the native troops. We also lost both camels and horses. We left forty-nine Sikhs killed, and took several prisoners. We are here now in front of the city and fort. The fort of Mooltan is one of the strongest in the country."

"Mooltan,
"24th October, 1848.

"I think I told you in my last about our coming up to this place. We have been in camp here since the latter end of August until the 7th of September, when the General sent out one wing of our regiment and one of the 32nd regiment (Europeans), with some Sepoys, for the purpose of making entrenchments to cover our guns, so that they could play on the fort. When we commenced, the enemy opened a very heavy fire upon us.

"This continued until the night of the 9th, when it was found necessary to order the brigade to take a very strong suburb right in front of where our men were working. They went on to the attack, but owing to the great number of the enemy and the darkness of the night, our force was obliged to retire with great loss. We lost ten men killed and thirty-five wounded. The other corps lost about the same. We also had two officers wounded, one of whom, Captain Moore, has since died, and the other is not expected to recover.

"On the morning of the 12th a wing of our regiment (10th), a wing of the 32nd, two Sepoy regiments, together with cavalry and artillery, marched in two columns against the strongly entrenched position of the enemy, but they had twice the number of men they had on the night of the 9th. I was appointed bugler to the officer

*Night attack on the march to Mooltan, at Muttee Tal.

commanding the 10th—Major Montezambert. Our Colonel was in command of the left column. We advanced under a very heavy fire until we came close on the village, when the major ordered me to sound the 'halt', and the 'lie down,' which I did. He had only just given this order when he was killed by my side with a six-pound shot. He only said three words, 'Oh! my wife.' We laid down to avoid the fire, while our big guns fired over our heads. After about ten minutes lying in this way, order was given to rise and charge, which the men did with three cheers, but the poor fellows were soon falling on all sides The enemy received us sword in hand, and fought like wild men, actually fighting with their swords when our men's bayonets were in their bodies. A man in front of me had his arm blown off clean from the elbow with a round shot. He fell on me and threw me down. He has since died, after suffering great pain. We were about one hour and twenty minutes taking the place. Hundreds of the enemy fell. Our victory was most complete, and would have been of immense advantage if we could have followed it up. I will tell you more about this directly.

"I was wounded at the very last, standing alongside our Adjutant. Our regiment lost fourteen men killed, and twenty nine wounded. After the engagement there were nine cases of amputation. All who lost a leg by amputation died. My wound was not so severe as at first expected. I received a matchlock ball in the instep of the right foot, which cut away part of the trousers, boot, and sock, and passed through the calf of my left leg. At first amputation was thought necessary, but thank God, things were not so bad as I first thought. I was seven weeks in hospital, not able to get up out of my bed, nor to put my foot under me, but now I come out, and the wound is fast improving. I can walk with a shoe pretty well, but I am a little lame.

"I received your letter on the morning of the 12th September, just after being carried in wounded from the field.

"The victory of the 12th was so complete that some hoped for an early possession of the city and the fort, but on the 14th one of our allies went over to the enemy with five thousand men, and four guns, and General Whish was obliged to retire.

"We had now barely more than half the number of men Mulraj had in his garrison.

"We are in camp about five miles from fort waiting for a reinforcement. You see that we have not done yet. The fort is very strong. We have lost a great number outside the fort, so what do you think the storming will be ? In my opinion, the attack will be dreadful. I almost dread the thoughts of it. It will be a desparate struggle, and numbers of poor fellows, at present alive and in good health, before you get this will be no more. If I should fall I trust I will be prepared to appear before God. When you write please put your name and place of residence in full at the top or bottom of your letters. My reason for your doing so is that in case I should be killed, my friends here will see where to write to you. If anything happens to me, write to the War Office, in London for the proceeds of effects, also the Batta or prize-money. If you write to the regiment you will get a medal for the Battle of Sobraon, and if there is one for this place you will get it also. Our regiment got great praise in General Orders for their gallant and distinguished conduct in the field. We expect the attack on the fort to be made next month. I have no more news at present."

"Camp Mooltan,
"21st November, 1848.

"I hasten to answer your very kind and welcome letter dated 19th September ; also one from the Rev. M Johnson of the 20th September, for which I am really very thankful. You can assure Mr. Johnson from me that I shall be for ever indebted to him for his kindness in writing to me. His letter afforded me the greatest comfort. My wound is now quite well.

"I wrote to you on the 24th October last. In it I told you that we had to retire from the fort of Mooltan in consequence of our force being too weak. Since then we have been encamped here, and up to the present time have not got one soldier to our assistance. You can see by this that we are nicely situated! In fact the whole country is in war against the British, striving to clear the country of us. On the 7th of this month the enemy, who had been preparing to attack us since the 1st inst., fired into the camp of Lieut. Edwardes, doing great damage. Lieut. Edwardes, supported by a strong British column, including six companies of the 10th, engaged the enemy, taking, I believe, all their guns. We also took the commander of the Sikh artillery prisoner. He was badly wounded, and has since died. These daring Sikhs got a thrashing this time. Our whole force had thirty-nine killed, and one hundred and seventy-two wounded.

"We expect to commence the attack on the fort as soon as the force from Bombay arrives. I have no room for any more at present; if spared, you shall hear from me soon."

CHAPTER VI.

THE SECOND WAR (LETTERS CONTINUED).

GETTING INTO POSITION AGAIN. A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.—CARRYING THE HEIGHTS BEFORE MOOLTAN.—SURRENDER OF THE FORTRESS.—HOISTING BRITISH COLOURS.—A WAYSIDE EPISODE.—THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S MOVEMENTS.—JOINS THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.—THE BATTLE OF GUJERAT.—FATALITIES.—EXTRACTS.—LORD GOUGH.—KOH-I-NOOR DIAMOND.—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S COMMENTS ON THE REGIMENT.—FINAL RESULT OF THE WAR.

WRITING from the camp of Gujerat on 14th March, 1849. Malcolm gives the following story of the capture of Mooltan :—

"We re-commenced the siege of Mooltan on the 27th of December, and had much severe fighting to do to get anything like our old position, but were cheered by rapid and almost unexpected successes.

"There was great excitement among all the troops on the night of December 30th. I was standing in the centre street of our tents, when over Mooltan a column of smoke began to rise, followed by a terrific explosion. The ground beneath us shook, though, I suppose, we were quite a mile away. We learned afterwards that men in the trenches were thrown on their faces. When at Sobraon we exploded the mines the Sikhs had prepared for us, but the explosion of those mines was nothing ! Everybody seemed dazed. We could do nothing but watch the growing volumes of smoke. We thought that the entire fort had gone up. No one even expected to see the place again. It's

a marvel how any place could survive such an explosion. Colonel Franks was standing near, and from what I heard him sav, he feared our men were destroyed in the trenches. It appears that a shell was thrown into the Sikh magazine. Besides other combustibles, nearly two hundred tons of powder was exploded. Five hundred men about the magazine were blown to pieces. This terrific affair seems to haunt one yet.

"After a deal of fighting through twenty-seven days' siege, seventy guns night and day playing on the fort, Mulraj was obliged to surrender. His fort was awfully smashed up, and we were prepared to storm the breaches. This was on the 22nd of January. Our colours were planted on the top of the fort. There was much treasure, found—cartloads of gold and silver, jewels, silks, and other valuable articles. These are to be sold, and the produce given as prize money. Several of the men of my regiment made a lot of money in gold and silks, and valuable articles".

We may interrupt the letter here to insert a little incident of some interest. When the British force retired from the trenches on the 14th of September, carrying away even the fascines and gabions, a private of the 10th, laden with trenching tools, said in a surly and loud-voiced way to Malcolm and other comrades, "I thought the British were *never* beaten or driven back, but if this ain't being beaten, then nothing is. It's a regular skidaddle, that's what *I* say." Colonel Franks was riding near, and he over-heard the remark, and turning sharply upon the man, he said in a tone of assumed authority and sarcasm, "You're mistaken,, sir ! This is a *brilliant retrograde movement.*" The subsequent events before Mooltan, narrated in the foregoing letter, justified Colonel Franks' speech, though doubtless it was a joke intended to cover the real facts of the case.

The letter continues :—

"I have suffered a deal since I last wrote to you. I would have written before, but the travelling about we have had, from place to

place, by day and night, has prevented me. We have been three or four days at a time without anything to eat, lying on the cold ground at night..

"On the 29th of January we left Mooltan to join the Commander-in-Chief's army who had been engaged with Sher Singh (the Sirdar who went over to Moolraj on 14th of September) at a place called Chillianwallah, where our force suffered dreadfully. We lost nearly three thousand men. After some very severe marching we came up to the Commander-in-Chief's camp. We marched fifty miles in twenty-four hours without anything to eat or drink. On the 21st of February the Commander-in-Chief marched again against the enemy. The two forces met near a large town called Gujerat, and after about four or five hours fighting, disorder was visible in the ranks of the enemy. Shortly after they left their guns, and the British force closed with them, taking possession of their camp, guns, ammunition, and stores. The enemy fled in great disorder, pursued by the British for about twelve miles. The road was strewed with dead and wounded, arms, clothes, and everything belonging to the beaten army. A postion of our force followed the enemy up, while the remainder returned and pitched our tents on the field of battle. Our regiment had nine men killed, one officer, and fifty-seven wounded.

"I think the war is ended. We expect to return to quarters to-morrow. The 10th has been out eight months on the 27th of this month. All that time we have been marching and fighting."

The following extracts are culled from letters of various later dates, and are not without interest. They will read better here than interspersed in the next chapter.

The Character of Lord Gough as a soldier was much discussed by the public press during the progress of this war. The young bandsman of the 10th thus intelligently expressed *his* opinion of the matter :—

"There was a great re-action in favour of Lord Gough after the battle of Gujerat. The people of England are far too hasty in con-

demning a man because he meets with a partial reverse."

In another place Malcolm mentions the world-famed diamond which at this time came into possession of the British.

"You have heard of the large diamond the Koh-i-noor or Mountain of Light. Sir Alex. Burns in his work called "Travels through the East," says it is about the size of a pigeon's egg, weighs fifteen and a half rupees, and is valued at three and a half millions sterling, but he says that it is greatly under-valued. He saw it in the time of Runjeet Singh from Shah Shujah, King of Cabul. Lieutenant Edwardes, the young officer who distinguished himself so much at Mooltan is to take it home to her Majesty."

The 10th is referred to in another letter :—

"The Colonel read a letter from the Secretary of the Commander-in-Chief, stating the high opinion held by the Duke of Wellington of the conduct of the regiment during the last campaign. Sir Henry Hardinge also stated that he saw the regiment during the first or Sutlej campaign, and their conduct was most examplary, both in and out of the field. The Colcnel told the men that he was glad that neither he nor any of officers published anything in the paper concerning the regiment, as other officers had done about their own corps, still he was proud to see the bravery and good conduct noticed by the greatest soldier of the age, the Duke of Wellington.

"We received our medals for Sobraon about a month ago. We shall receive another for the last campaign."

And the result of the campaign is thus intelligently stated :—

"This war has decided the fate of the Sikhs, and put an end to them as a nation. The whole of the Punjab is to be annexed to India, and form part of the Indian Empire."

PART II.

BARRACKS AND CANTONMENTS.

PART II.

BARRACKS AND CANTONMENTS.

CHAPTER I.

FEROZEPORE, 1849.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLACE.—DESCRIPTION OF THE NATIVES: THEIR APPEARANCE, DRESS, CHARACTER.—PREVAILING SICKNESS: CHOLERA, APOPLEXY.—DESIRES TO "GET ON" —METHODICAL LETTER WRITING.—DIFFICULTIES BESET PROGRESS.—TRIAL OF AN OFFICER FOR COWARDICE.—THE OFFICER AND HIS BIBLE.—NOT GUILTY.—MEDALS.—HIS FATHER'S REGIMENT.—THOUGHTS ON TRANSFER.

THE next seven years were spent in the comparative uneventful routine of cantonment and barrack life. At the close of the second Sikh war the 10th were sent to Ferozepore. Writing home, shortly after his regiment entered the Ferozepore cantonments, Malcolm gave the following description of the place—an account which does the highest credit to his careful observation of men and things around him. Of course, it must be remembered that Ferozepore has seen great improvement and growth since 1849. No visitor to Ferozepore would recognise this as a description of the place to-day. Malcolm wrote:

"This is the worst station that we have been in, in India, although they are nearly all alike after you leave Calcutta. Picture to yourself a great open sandy plain, as far as the eye can reach, without

a tree or blade of grass. In the centre of this plain are the barracks for the soldiers, with a few store houses. The officers' quarters are about a mile from the barracks, and near the market-place or bazaar. There is nothing in the bazaar except goods made in the country, and these are scarcely worth purchasing, though they charge most exorbitant prices. Sometimes the sand rises in great clouds, sweeping all before it, and is most injurious to the eyes. During one of these storms the atmosphere is quite dark, and we are obliged to light up the barracks.

"The colour of the people here is not altogether black, but a dark brown copper colour. They wear long black beards, and hair on the upper lip. As for clothes, they wear as few as possible. The lower order wear nothing except a piece of clothes round the loins. The more wealthy natives wear turbans of white muslin, with an immense white scarf round the body, and a red or green sash round the waist. The poorer people wear no boots or shoes, but the higher class wear shoes like slippers turned up at the toes. They speak what is called Hindustani. This language is learned by all officers entering into the Company's service before they leave England.* Some of the private soldiers can speak it very well. I can make myself understood by any native—that is, if purchasing anything. Their whole soul is in money and gain, and they will resort to cheating or any other plain to gain their desired object—money. Another trait in their character is that they have no gratitude. You may have one of them for years, and behave ever so kind to him, yet he will rob you in the end. I forgot to tell you that the women wear great silver rings in their ears and noses.

"The regiment has had moderately good health during the summer months, which are now at a close. We had several

* Malcolm was mistaken here. The officers of the Indian Service were obliged to begin learning the language as soon as they arrived in India, but not one in a thousand ever learnt it before going there.

cases of cholera, all of which proved fatal. It is not the same cholera you see at home. The patient turns as black as your boot, and when laid on a bed, is unable to stretch his arms and legs owing to cramp. They generally rub the limbs of the patient with an ointment, but I have never seen them give any medicine. I have seen men, when the first attack has come on, take a glass of brandy, and I have known it to bring them round. This is before the cholera take any hold on them. There is every hope of a person, when he gets over forty-eight hours, after an attack of cholera. When we were in Meerut in 1845, and the cholera broke out in the regiment, an order was issued that when a man felt himself sick, to go to the canteen, and the sergeant was to give him a glass or two of the best brandy.† We lost upwards of ninety men in three weeks with that attack, and the regiment which was with us lost more than we did. This cholera at home is called the Asiatic cholera. I read the other day in the paper an account of a clergyman dying suddenly near London with Asiatic cholera. He was attacked just in the same way as I have described it.

"The Sergeant-Major and Adjutant have lost their wives since the last mail with apoplexy. Apoplexy is the most prevailing disease in this country. The least exposure to the sun is dangerous."

For some years now, the young soldier kept before him two most desirable objects—self-improvement and promotion. To attain these ends there were difficulties to overcome, and Thomas Malcolm shewed that he was prepared to pay the highest price in self-denial and effort to effect his cherished purposes.

The following extracts from three letters amply justify this statement :—

"Ferozepore Cantonments,
"1st August, 1849.

"Last month the Sergeant-Major received a letter from you, which, I can assure you, surprised me not a little, for you stated in it

† This practice was certainly a mistake. The properties of alcohol are better understood to-day.

that the last letter you had from me was the 24th of December last. I have written to you no less than three times since that. The first was in January, the second nearly a month after the battle of Gujerat, and the third was in answer to yours dated the 19th March, which I replied to on the 2th of May. I have written to you regularly. *I keep the date of every letter I receive, and of those I send to you.* Latterly several of the men's letters and papers have not come to hand; I cannot say whether the fault is in this country or at home. Perhaps ere this reaches you, you will receive some of the others I speak of. Since you last heard from me I ha.e not been very well—in fact, ever since I came to this station I have had bad health.

"You will see by this that I am still in the same position— very sorry to say not the least prospect of getting a better as yet. A young man who enlisted at the same time as myself, endeavoured for a long time to get to the ranks, but the Colonel would not grant his wish. Then he wrote home to his father, who had been discharged from the regiment with a pension. His father got some person to write to the Colonel, who, on receiving the letter, gave him leave to go to the ranks, where he is now doing well. There is only one way that I know of getting to the ranks: the regiment in three or four years will be returning to England and before the regiment goes home the men are allowed to volunteer to remain in the country by joining another regiment. I can do this, provided I do not get to the ranks before that time. By volunteering to join another regiment I would have to stay five or six years longer in India, which is far from my wish. I would like to get out of India now, for I hate the place. And another thing, I should not like to be exiled to remain in India fifteen or sixteen years without the chance of ever seeing England or any of my friends."

"Ferozepore,
"24th September, 1849.

"It is over a month since I wrote to you. I spoke chiefly of my chances of promotion, and have been thinking much about it lately.

There is talk of the Colonel going home this year. I may then get away from the drums to the ranks. We are sending a great many men home invalided, amongst whom are a number crippled through being wounded during the late war. Several are also going a home with bad eyes, caused by the great dust in the station. We are in hope of moving this year to Agra or Umballa, but we do not know which, I hope it is to Agra I believe it is a very good station. I received your letter on the anniversary of the day I was wounded at Mooltan, the 12th September, and, what is very remarkable, I had one from you that day twelve months before, at Mooltan. In yours you spoke to me about improving myself. That I certainly will do as far as it lies in my power, but books are very hard to get in this out-of-the-way place. They cannot be obtained nearear than Calcutta or Meerut. The first place is upwards of 1,250 miles, and the latter 250, from here. I might get one of the officers to write to Calcutta The carriage will be very expensive, but I will do my utmost to get what I require. Another thing, self-instruction requires great perseverance, but I'll try to be equal to the task "

One of the most notable occurrences in connection with the regiment while at Ferozepore is one concerning which there was a great variety of personal opinion, both among officers and men. It will be at least interesting to see how Malcolm viewed the affair.

"There is a lieutenant of our regiment, to be tried for unsoldierly conduct at the seige of Mooltan, and battle of Gujerat. The result will not be known for some time. I am afraid it will go hard with him, as there are several men to swear that he was secreted in a house when his company was attacking part of the fort. If this is proved he is liable to suffer death according to the articles of war. Possibly he is guilty for, he is a married man,* and this was his first time under fire, and he may have been in timorous, but I really believe he is not. He professes to be a christian.

*A singular remark. Does marriage spoil the soldier ?

"Once this lieutenant had to go out to the trenches at twelve o'clock (midnight). He asked me if I would look after his tent till he returned from duty. Of course, I said I would do so gladly. He told me I might lie down on his bed, and that under the pillow I should find a book worth reading. I took possession of his tent a little before he left, and after he was gone I turned over the pillow, and what do you think I found ? A well-thumbed and marked Bible ! I feel very anxious about this trial."

In October this postscript is added to a letter :—

"The trial of the officer, of whom I told you, has commenced, but is not yet over."

The result of the court-martial is gleefully told in December :—

"Since I last wrote, the officer who, I told you, was tried for cowardice, has been fully and honourably acquitted of all charges against him. I am very glad."

The following expression of appreciation of medals corresponds with the thoughtful character of the former correspondence.

"Ferozepore,
"16th October, 1849.

"I received the ribbon for the Mooltan medal safely. Will you kindly give William my best thanks for this kind present, and tell him that if I return to England, I shall certainly have some of the same ribbon on my breast. When wearing this ribbon, with my medal, I shall always have in my rembembrance the kind friend who so kindly sent it to me. We expect to get the other medal this year, but do not know what sort of ribbon will be attached to it. The ribbon William sent me is far superior to that issued to the regiment. It is, indeed, very pretty. The Colonel says he will send for some for the whole regiment. He noticed it on my jacket. There is, I believe, no hope of the regiment leaving this station this year, but every move from this will be towards Calcutta, and finally to England."

The last letter from Ferozepore is dated 17th December, 1849, and contains a reference to the ever-present thought of promotion.

"Colonel Franks, I hear, is going home. We shall then have Colonel Young. He at present commands, as Colonel Franks in Acting Brigadier. You speak of writing to the Sergeant-Major of my father's old regiment (the 5th, Fusiers) to try to get me transferred to that regiment. The 5th is only three years out, and will be out some years yet, but still if I cannot get to the ranks of this regiment I would gladly go to them rather than remain a drummer here."

CHAPTER II. (LETTERS).

WUZEERABAD, 1850.

CAUSE OF REMOVAL.—INSPECTION AND COMMENDATION.—DESCRIPTION OF WUZEERABAD.—A BAD BEGINNING —TEMPERANCE IN THE ARMY.—A FAMINE OF THE WORD OF GOD.—LONG INDIAN SERVICE.—PAPERS FROM HOME.—DRINK AGAIN.—A STORM —APPLICATION TO GO TO THE BANKS REFUSED.—PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—SIR CHARLES NAPIER AND DRINK.—TRANSFERRED AND PROMOTED.—MAJOR FENWICK. THE FIFTH UNDESIRABLE NOW. FEVER AND AGUE.—FATALITIES.

THE removal from Ferozépore was very unexpected. The cause of this change of quarters is told in a letter from the , ew station--Wuzeerabad.

"We got a very sudden and unexpected route from Ferozepore. The cause of this was, the twenty-ninth regiment, who were stationed l ere, was suffering from sickness. The Commander-in-Chief (Sir Charles Napier) when inspected them found them in a bad state. He ordered our regiment to be inspected by one of the strictest Generals in the service, Major-General Sir Dudley Hill. The inspection lasted three days. At the completion of the inspection he spoke to the men in nearly the following words :—'Men of the 10th : Having completed the inspection, I feel it my duty to tell you that I have inspected a number of regiments in my time, but never have I seen a regiment which elicited more praise than Her Majesty's 10th. Your discipline and steadiness yesterday morning was perfection itself. Your drill, as a light battalion, this morning could not be surpassed.

It reflected the greatest credit both on officers and men. In your quarters everything was in good order; in fact, the interior economy of the regiment surpassed anything I have seen before. I will not comment on your bravery and steadiness under fire, for that is well known from one end of India to the other. The battle of Sobraon, likewise the siege of Mooltan, are proofs of that. To you, Colonel Franks, great praise is due for having brought your regiment to such a state of perfection, as also to the officers and men. I feel confident that unless a good feeling existed between the officers and men this perfection could never be attained. I can assure you I shall make as favourable a report to the Commander-in-Chief as lies in the power of a general officer to make. This report goes to Her Majesty. One advice I have to give—*abstain from drink*. I wish you all kinds of prosperity. Farewell.' I just give you this to let you see what brought us here. On the Commader-in-Chief getting the report he came to see us himself. He made a great speech. He said we looked as though we had just landed from England, and that he was very proud to hear of our bravery in the field, and conduct in quarters, and then told us that the twenty-ninth were suffering from sickness, and that we should have to go and relieve them. In less than three days we left Ferozepore for this place."

Wuzeerabad is very briefly described in the same letter:—

"We have no barracks here, only tents with sheds over them. We have neither tables nor forms; altogether we are badly situated. It promises to be a very hot summer. The heat yesterday at twelve o'clock in the day in one of the tents was one hundred and eight degrees. During the rains the river overflows and causes all the place where we are to be like a swamp. It is a very unhealthy place. We are only a few miles from where the battle of Gujerat was fought. Twelve months ago there was nothing here.* You could not see a hut or a tree for miles round.

* Wuzeerad is now a railway junction, &c.

Barracks are being built about thirty miles from here at a place Sealkote. The natives here are all Sikh people. There are two other European regiments here with us, the Twenty-fourth have only just come out.

There are nine letters belonging to this period which illustrate in a very pleasing way the thoughtful and earnest character of Private Malcolm, and which shew that our soldiers are not the "unreflecting machines" they are often taken to be. We shall present them just as they are written :—

"Wuzeerabad,

"20th May, 1850.

"I received by the last mail the two papers which you sent me, also the *Teetotal Times*, for which I am truly thankful. I am of opinion that temperance in this country is required even more than at home. I do not say it keeps sickness away entirely, but the temperate man has a far better chance of enduring the heat of the climate and the sickness prevalent in India than the drinker. If sickness comes, the man of temperate habits has a far better chance of getting over it than the man who has his inside burnt and destroyed by drink. I can assure you a person should take good care of himself this weather in India. The thermometer is from 100 to 110 degrees in tents—in the coolest part. We need something of a more cooling nature than ardent spirits. Yet strange to say the government permits the sale of ardent spirits in the canteens. Until they stop this they will continue to lose a number of men yearly from drink.

"I daresay I shall astonish you when I tell you that I have not been inside of a church or chapel since I was in Meerut in 1845, for it is only in those large places that they have churches. Lately we have had a minister here, but it is only every other Sunday that a man can attend service. We stand in the open air while the minister goes through a few collects from the church prayer book, but there is no such thing as a sermon. The whole time we were on the last campaign

we had no minister, and that was better than six months. Yet they speak of reform in our army! If we are to have a reformed army we must not go three or four years at a time without hearing the word of preached either in one way or the other!* In the English papers the other day I saw it was the intention of the government to leave regiments in India fifteen years instead of ten. By such an arrangement we shall have to remain out here seven years longer instead of returning home in two years as we expected. This is really too bad, but I suppose it cannot be helped."

As a matter of fact, the 10th Foot remained in India ten years longer. They landed in England, July, 1859, having been in India seventeen years.

"Wuzeerabad,
"9th June, 1850.

"I received your letter of April 18th and the *Illustrated News*, for which I am very thankful. The plate of Viscount Gough I think is very good. I see that he and Major Edwardes are having great dinners at home, and making great speeches. The Viscount is certainly a fine soldier, and a good man.

"We are in barracks at last. We are a little crowded, but that is better than being in tents. I am going to apply for permission to go to the ranks as soon as the drill season sets in. The present Commanding-Officer might let me go. I will try at all events. The regiment expects to move this next cold season to Sealkote, a place thirty miles from here. I mentioned this place in a former letter. Some of the 24th regiment have gone there already."

Wuzeerabad,
"8th July, 1850.

"Since I last wrote to you we have had a fearful death in the regiment—another man smothered with drink. The men of his

* All this has given way to a new and better order of things. No British Soldier can complain to-day that he lacks attention from his properly appointed spiritual advisers.

company say that he often expressed a wish to die drunk. I believe he had drunk no less a quantity than two bottles of brandy.

"On Saturday, the 22nd of June, we were visited with a fearful storm of wind, rain, and dust. I should call it a hurricane. It came on about six in the evening, and blew down without any loss of life. We had a great number of tents pitched, and they were all carried away. Two mess tents of the European regiments were also destroyed. After the storm ceased, the havoc on everyside was frigh'ful. Property of all kinds was strewed everywhere. Nearly all the men rushed out of barracks expecting the building to fall, for it shook dreadfully, but fortunately it only brought a few beams down without injuring anyone.

"I believe they are getting on well with the new station at Sealkote. I hear it will be a splendid place.

"I applied to get to the ranks last month, but the Major told me he could not spare me, but when the recruits joined from England he would let me go. The recruits will be here about February next—there are six boys coming up with them."

Wuzeerabad,
19th September, 1850.

"I have at last got a grammar from Culcutta. It cost me sixteen rupees (about £1 12s. 0d. in English money.) The work is in two volumes—the first is a grammar, and the second contains exercises in parsing, &c. I trust, with the assistance of these books, to improve myself in this branch of learning. To tell you the truth, if I do make any improvement, it will be by close study and perseverance, for I expect no assistance from anyone, as very few men amongst us are sufficiently qualified to instruct others, and if they were I don't suppose they would be very willing without being paid, which I could not afford out of my pay. So you see that all depends on my own exertions.

"Sir Charles Napier has taken the first step to stop drunkenness in India. The soldiers are only allowed two drams of brandy daily, and none before twelve o'clock. One will seldom see a drunken soldier

below, I hope. Each regiment has a coffee room, where coffee and tea are to be had every morning and evening. Any person caught selling spirits now is severely punished.

"Since I last wrote to you our number sick from fever has been greatly on the increase. We have had also a number of deaths this last month. At present we have over 100 men in hospital. This time of the year is generally unhealthy, owing to sudden change in the weather."

The next letter announces that the writer is transferred to the ranks, and made corporal also. Let the happy soldier tell his own story.

"Wuzeerabad,"
11th October, 1850.

"You will not be a little surprised to know that I have at last, through your kind intercession, got to the ranks. About three days before your last letter arrived the Major sent for me to the orderly room. He told me that he had received a letter from a clergyman in England concerning me. He then asked me what friends I had in England, and if I were desirous of going to the ranks. I told him I was, and that I had made repeated applications to Colonel Franks, but all in vain. He then asked for my character, which was given as being very good. He also asked if I stood well in school, when the Sergeant-Major told him I was a decent scholar, and that I attended school regularly. The result was that he told me he could not let me go to the ranks just yet, but he would let me go as soon as the draft joined from England, but, 'for the present,' he said, 'I will promote you in the drums, and make you a lancec-orporal.' I thanked him, at the same time telling him that I would much rather go to the ranks than have the stripe. The Major said he would think the matter over. That night I read my name in the orderly book to leave the drums and go to

the ranks, and better still, as lance-corporal in my own company. I cannot describe the joy I felt ! Now I have got what I long prayed for, thank God. I intend that my future conduct in the regiment will give the Major no reason to regret having sent me to the ranks. Major Fenwickis universally beloved by the whole regiment yet. I would like to see the letter you sent to the Major if you can send a copy. In a few years more I trust the regiment will come home. I have heard nothing from the Sergrant-Major of the 5th yet, but it matters little now. In fact, now that I have got to the ranks, I would not go to the 5th regiment.

"We have had a great number of men bad with fever this last two months. I was in hospital seven days with it, but I am now completely better. We have lost a few men, but not many. We buried a sergeant this morning, who had been twenty years in the service."

Wuzeerabad.

"17th November, 1850.

"Since I last wrote the regiment has been suffering greatly from fever. In fact, it has been a general plague through the Punjab. In my last I told you I had been in hospital with it. Since then I have been in twice with fever and ague. The ague comes first. I am obliged to go to bed, and cover myself with all the clothes I can get. The ague generally lasts about two hours, when a heavy fever comes on. I only get it now every second day. Before, I used to get it every day. I had the fever very badly yesterday. I think I shall not be ill with it to-day. It is very weakening ; I don't think I could walk a mile this morning. The three regiments that are here have no parades to attend, but they are compelled to walk out every morning for their health. I do not think there are a hundred men in the regiment who have not been down with this fever within the last three months. It has proved fatal in three or four cases, and the death have been very

sudden. Two men have found dead in their beds. Europeans and natives are suffering from it alike. It has proved fatal in several cases amongst the natives. Last month we had over two hundred in hospital, and about one hundred convalescent in barracks. One regiment has at present three-hundred in hospital. A native regiment in Peshawar has six hundred in hospital. In the town of Lahore, I believe, it is worse than here."

CHAPTER III.

WUZEERABAD &C., 1851-56

HEALTH RESTORED TO THE REGIMENT.—MEETING OF GHOLAB SINGH AND THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.—A NEW COLONEL.—A COMMISSION GAINED.—DOINGS IN ENGLAND.—THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—A DISAGREEABLE PARADE.—PROMOTION.—NEW BLOOD FROM ENGLAND.—DRINK, MURDER, AND EXECUTION.—SICKNESS.—MARRIAGE.—ILL AGAIN.—AT THE HILLS.—A FALSE STEP.—REDUCED TO THE RANKS.—A FRIENDLY CAUTION.—TRY AGAIN.—REWARDED.

THE year 1851 opened with the good news that fever and ague had left the regiment.

"Since I last wrote, all signs of fever have left the regiment, and the men are, at present, in the enjoyment of good health.

"Two companies have gone up to Peshawar with the Governor-General. He is on a tour through the country. He remained here for about a week. The meeting of Gholab Singh, the Raja of Kashmir, and the Governor-General, was the finest sight I ever saw. Gholab Singh had about 3,000 troops with him. The British troops were formed in a street extending from the Governor-General's camp to the Rajah's, the distance being about a mile and a half. Gholab Singh and all his staff passed through this street until he reached the tent of the Governor-General. He received a salute of twenty-one guns, the troops at the same time paying all honours. Gholab Singh was on an elephant, and the howdah in which he sat was *of solid silver*. In his

head dress he had two very large diamonds. He also wore a splendid Kashmir shawl. His dress surpassed anything I ever saw. His son was also richly dressed. The whole of his staff were on elephants. He remained with the Governor-General about an hour, when I believe great number of valuable presents were made. He presented to Her Majesty, through the Governor-General, several shawls. If you can get an *Illustrated News* you will not only have a full account of the meeting, but also plates of the different day's proceedings.

"We expect a colonel out from England who exchanged with Colonel Miller. His name is Wellesley; he is from the 81st regiment.* Last week the Sergeant-Major got a commission. He is the third who got a commission since I joined."

Events in the old country are always interesting to the soldier abroad. In June Malcolm wrote :—

"I received the *Times* and the views of the great exhibition. London will be in a great commotion—every person on the move to see the wonder of the world. It must indeed be a great sight, and I should like to see it very much. I suppose you will go, and will then be able to give me a good account of all you see."

In this letter he speaks of a very disagreeable parade.

"We were paraded, the other morning, to hear a court-martial read on a private of the 70th regiment who at Cawnprore loaded his musket, and fired at a sergeant of the same regiment, killing him dead. He was sentenced to be shot to death by musketry, which awful sentence was carried into effect at Cawnpore last Saturday fortnight. I suppose you think it a long time to wait for any further promotion. If you don't, I do. But the Colonel will advance no one out of his regular turn. There are not many before me now, but promotion comes very slowly at present."

* Colonel W. H. C. Wellesley, a nephew of the great Duke of Wellington, was many years Governor of the Military Prison at Aldershot and died in 1888.

"Wuzeerabad,

"21st December, 1851.

"I am much better now, but yet I have never been well since the first attack of this complaint in March last. Since I last wrote to you, I have been promoted to corporal. This was on the 15th of October last. I am transferred to another company. I belong to No. 2 now, before I belonged to No. 3. We have had a very strong draft of recruits from England. They came here about a week ago ; we needed them too, for the regiment was very weak. We have also sent a number of men home, old soldiers, and men going home for the benefit of their health.

"Since I last wrote to you a sad and melancholy affiair has taken place. A young man of the regiment named Rosney absented himself from the barracks, and an escort was sent to seek him. The corporal of the escort told one of the native officers that if he happened to meet with him he was to detain him. Unfortunately he did come in the way of the native officer, who endeavoured to stop him. Rosney was under the influence of drink, and his being stopped by a native aroused his temper. He caught up a sword which was lying near, struck at the officer, and nearly cleaved his head in two. Rosney was tried by a general court- martial, and sentenced to be hanged.

"The Commander-in-Chief said the prisoner was one of the best behaved men in the regiment---a young man who was never known to be drunk before, but by getting drunk this time he made himself an assassin. His execution was a most painful sight."

Up to the present Malcolm had enjoyed a comparatively unchequered course, and was full of hope as to future advancement. But the next four years proved to him a period of varied troubles. Though his illness continued, at times confining him to hospital, he was sufficiently recovered in 1853 to carry out a project which he had entertained for some time—marriage. Now began those domestic responsibilities so unhelpful to a soldier, especially in a

foreign land. When his first child was born, Malcolm was again in a precarious state, stricken down by a return of his former sickness. As soon as he could be moved he and his little family were sent off, with other invalids, to the hills. After an absence of twelve months, during which time he had recovered perfect health, he rejoined his regiment, which was stationed at Meean Meer. This was in 1855, and the time wore wearily away in the unexciting and monotonous programme of cantonment life, until the events recorded in the next chapter.

One event, belonging to this period, is too instructive to be passed over silently or hurriedly. We have admired the sincere efforts after self-improvement, and becoming ambition for promotion, displayed by Corporal Malcolm. Unfortunately there came a severe reverse in his prospects. While at Meean Meer,he was convicted of the military offence of "absence beyond leave." A native washerman had decamped with a number of articles of apparel, for which Malcolm was responsible. He asked permission, which was given him, to go to Lahore, about four miles away, to hunt the thief, who had taken that direction. The journey ended in Malcolm's own imprisonment. Not taking needful account of the time, he unduly prolonged his absence by two hours, and on his return was placed under arrest. In a business establishment the offence would have been condoned, but rigorous military law could not overlook the irregularity. Malcolm was tried by regimental court martial and deprived of his stripes.

During my experience as an officiating minister to Her Majesty's Troops, I have witnessed like incidents again and again. Some of the men I have met in the cells of the military prison have been there, *not* through maliciousnsss, but through harum scarum folly, lack of thoughtfulness, and even want of judgement. These lines will be read by many soldier youths, and I would emphasize the necessity for them to cultivate habits of watchfulness and care. In a moment of thoughtfulness, many a young man has been betrayed into some act of brainless tom-foolrey, in comparison with which Malcolm's error was not only

pardonable, but quite insignificant, for he was really only missed by his over anxiety to catch the fugitive thief. Once I stood by an open grave surrounded by hundreds of red-coats, and committed to the earth the body of a bright young fellow—"a good lad" his Adjutant called him—who only three days before had been as merry as the larks that caroled above the camp ground. While we stood at the grave, one of the regiment lay in the county goal—a criminal charged with taking this man's life. He did it—not in hate, not in anger, but by an act of idiotic trifling with a loaded rifle.

Happily, after his reverse, Private Malcolm did not lose heart. He learnt the severe lessons of his humiliation submissively, and, like a man, determined to wipe out his disgrace, and regain his forfeited position. His success is recorded in his following extracts from his letters.

"February, 1857.

"'You will see by this letter I am getting on again. I was sent for by the Colonel and made lance-corporal, but I don't expect to wait long before I am full corporal again ; I may yet be sergeant before the regiment reaches England."

* * * * *

"November, 1857.

"On the 11th of September last I was made full corporal and I shall shortly be made sergeant."

* * * *

"February, 1858.

"You will be pleased to hear of my promotion to sergeant. I was only five months a corporal, so you see I stand pretty well in the estimation of the Commanding Officer (Colonel Fenwick), the officer who sent me to the ranks from the drums."

We must not, however, anticipate the following chapter.

PART III.

THE MUTINY.

CHAPTER I. (HISTORICAL SKETCH).

1857—1858.

FORMER MUTINIES.—CAUSES OF THE MUTINY.—GREASED CARTRIDGES.—THE AREA OF THE MUTINY.—THE PERIOD OF THE MUTINY.—THE SERVICE OF THE 10TH FOOT :—MAJOR VINCENT EYRE ; LIEUT. COLONEL LONGDEN ; BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANKS, C.B. ; THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF ; BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR E. LUGARD, K.C.B.

MUTINY was not a new fact in Indian history. In the middle of the last century, under Lord Clive, mutiny was only stopped by blowing insurgents from the guns. Very early in the present century Colonel Gillespie galloped, with his dragoons, from his own station to Vellore to revenge the English who had been surprised and murdered in their beds. Sir Edward Paget, a little later (1824), arrested an outbreak of Barrackpore with a round of grape-shot. Insubordination, more or less alarming, occurred at different dates and places down to 1857.

The causes of disaffection, and the ultimate rebellion of the sepoys, have been so often discussed, that there is no need to detail the subject here. One, who was a witness of this event, has put the matter into a nut shell. "The Sepoys has no real grievance. They never attempted to allege any. They were only too well treated and too well paid—pampered and flattered, until they lost their heads.

They thought they were strong and we were weak, and the hope of plunder did the rest."

At the beginning of 1857 the Sepoy became the victim of a horrid delusi n, viz., that the British had determined to convert the native troops to Christianity, by force. This fear, perhaps simulated at first, became a terror, and ultimately gave place to the wildest delirium, hatred, and rage.

The revolt was postponed by an attempt to make the rising, against the British power, simultaneous throughout Hindustan. The spark which prematurely exploded this pent-up feeling was the well-known story of the greased cartridges. It was said that the greasing* of the cartridges of the new Enfield rifle was performed by mixture of cow's fat and hog's lard, and with the *purpose* of robbing the Hindu of his caste, and likewise polluting the Mahommedan, for the Hindu venerates the cow, and the Mahommedan counts the hog unclean.

The premonitions of the storm were first heard at Dum-Dum, then at Berhampore, Barrackpore, Benares, Lucknow, Umballa, and Sealkote, until on May the 10th, at Meerut, it burst in all its fury, threatening to ruin and desolate the whole land.

The whole of northern India was over-run by the mutineers, and towards the close of the struggle a force was even despatched from Bombay on the west, and another from Madras on the east, to clear central India of their blood-thirsty hordes, but the *strongholds* of the rebellion lay along the *valleys of the Ganges and its tributaries*, where the presence of British troops and residents presented something tangible on which the rebels could exhaust their vengeance. For instance, the mutiny may be said to have begun at Barrackpore, in the delta of the Ganges, sixteen miles from Calcutta. The banks of the same river also witnessed at Cawnpore the most wholesale of those frightful and revolting massacres which the Sepoys perpetrated. The most heroic defence

* As a matter of fact this "greasing" was bees' wax and oil, and nothing else.

against the rebels was maintained at Lucknow, the capital of Oude, on the Goomtee. It was at Delhi on the Jumna that the rebellion assumed the most decided political aspect. Here Bahadur Shah was proclaimed Sovereign of Hindustan, and here, after murdering their officers, the rebels flocked from stations far and near, expecting, in their madness and frenzy, to see again established the old Moghul empire.

The mutiny covered a period of more than a year and nine months from first to last. Insubordination first showed itself at Barrackpore in January, 1857, and the declaration of peace was made in November, 1858. The struggle raged in all its fury for *six months* of that period, from May to November, 1857. Look at the chief disasters of those brief six months.

It was on Sunday evening, the 10th of May, that, unrestrained through the incapacity of an old commander, the Sepoys fired Meerut and slaughtered all the undefended English they could find, and then fled to Delhi, and promoted there the same deeds of blood. On June the 4th the Ranni of Jhansi, who at a later date, fighting like an Amazon, fell in battle, put to death, under promise of life, the handful of Europeans in that station. On June the 6th Nana Sahib, who, no doubt to allay suspicions and to cover his treachery, had given General Wheeler a force to guard the Cawnpore treasury, headed the Cawnpore Sepoys who had rebelled two days before, and announced his intention of shelling the English entrenchments, and in three weeks there was not an Englishman alive there, and Nana was proclaimed Peshawa of the Mahrattas. June the 30th saw the Lucknow garrison shut up in the residency surrounded by thousands of infuriated foes. Then in October Tantia Topi persuaded the troops at Gwalior to rise and attack General Wyndham, who held Cawnpore after General Havelock had defeated Nana Sahib, and destroyed his short-lived hopes of Empire.

During those six months we lost some of the noblest lives ever sacrificed in war. Two who sustained the responsibilities of commander-in-Chief died by sickness, no doubt induced by worry and anxiety.

General Anson died on the 27th of May, and Sir Henry Barnard on July the 5th. Lucknow will always be associated with the noblemen who perished there—Sir Henry Lawrence, one of the many victims of rebel shells—gallant General Neill, who fell just at the moment of victory, as he was leading a most perilous attack, street fighting—General Havelock, 'every inch a Christian,' who succumbed to one of the fatal diseases of the country, dysentry—and others whose moral worth, combined with mental ability, made them men of which England will be for ever sincerely and rightly proud!

And these months also rang with victory! Was it no victory to disband two regiments (the 19th and 34th) without any sacrifice of life in the act of disbanding? General Havelock moved in July from Allahabad to Cawnpore and on to Lucknow, always striking for certain victory! As Futtepore, Cawnpore, Beethoor, the enemy were scattered before him like chaff before the wind, and he cut his way with a more handful of men through myriads of foes around Lucknow, until on September 25th the brave garrison grasped the hands of friends and took courage, and thus strengthened by the inspiration of new hope, weathered the storm until deliverance came in November under the Commander-in-Chief. Nor were our victories less, further to the north. No troops could be sent from Calcutta to Delhi, for the country was congested with anarchy. But the forces in the north-west gathered at Umballa, and moved towards Delhi under General Anson. The Sikhs, too, had learned the value of British rule, and they entered the field, held, not to assail the British standard as in former days, but to fight for it. After a terrific siege, Delhi was wrested from the rebels on September the 14th, and on the 20th the city was cleared of them. The old king was taken prisoner (thanks to the fearless and dashing conduct of Captain Hodson), and the pampered and evil house of Timour rendered incapable of giving further trouble.

That part of this great revolt, which specially interests us, is confined as to *time* by the dates, November, 1857, to June, 1858, and

roughly as to *locality*, by Lucknow and Dinapore in one direction, and the Gogra and Goomtee rivers on the other, a long and norrow strip of country containing no very large towns, but having a large peasant population and some growing centres of Anglo-Indian life. The 10th regiment were stationed at Dinapore early in 1856, and witnessed the mutiny and flight of the native troops in that station on the 15th of July, 1857. Some of the regiment left Dinapore to join Major Vincent Eyre for the relief of Arrah, which was besieged by the Dinapore rebels under Kunwer Singh, an immense landed proprietor, who was bitterly prejudiced against the British. Then upwards of three hundred of the regiment accompanied Lieutenant-Colonel Longden through the same country, and achieved a victory at Atrowlea in November. From that time to the final capture of Lucknow, the regiment accompanied General Frank's field force through the Oude country to Lucknow, and was engaged in a series of actions and skirmishes, the most important of which was Sultanpore, where "a single charge headed by Franks himself decided the battle."

The great event of mutiny, in which the 10th served, was the capture of Lucknow, in March, 1858. Later on we will give some account of the mutiny in that city. The last leader the10th followed in India was Brigadier-General Sir E. Lugard, K.C.B. He was sent after the old foe of Arrah, who at the close of the struggle made a final effort to establish himself. He was driven back step by step, and at last vanquished.

CHAPTER II (LETTERS).

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLACE —HOPES AND FEARS RESPECTING RETURNING HOME—TIDINGS OF MUTINY BROUGHT TO DINAPORE.—BARRACKPORE, MEERUT, DELHI, BENARES.—PLUCKY CONDUCT OF TWO COMPANIES OF THE 10TH.—VALOUR OF PRIVATE KIRK.—CAWNPORE.—EXASPERATION OF OUR TROOPS.

AT the beginning of 1856 Private Malcolm wrote to his friends :—

"This station (Dinapore) is on the banks of the Ganges, and the steamers run up from Calcatta, which is a little more than four hundred miles away.

"There are very few public buildings. There is a Protestant church and a Baptist chapel. These places, the barracks, and officers' quarters, are the only public buildings. There is, however, a very large bazaar. This place is both hot and sickly, and we are, to our discomfort, in camp, as our barracks are being whitewashed.

"This is the Gravesend of India ; it is the last place regiments are stationed in before going home. But I am afraid that in consequence of the continuance of the Russian war there is no likelihood of any Queen's regiment being withdrawn from India for a long time, at least, until the war is over ; still it is certain that our regiment will return first. The regiment we relieved in Lahore in 1854 left this station last year for England—the 96th regiment."

The regiment remained during the year, and then in December unwelco rumours were about.

"There is a report here which I hope is not true, viz., that our regiment is going forthwith to the Persian Gulf. If this does not take place we expect to go home next spring. We must wait patiently."

Again, early in the following year, other reports are circulated.

"There is little chance of our going home this year. We shall not leave India before next spring. There is some talk of our going to China."

These were troublous times. The air was full of rumours of war.

But worse tidings were coming—tidings disquieting equally to civilians and soldiers—tidings which created in far-off England the utmost consternation—tidings of disaffection among the native troops—tidings of, threatened revolt and murder. The progress of the mutiny has often been told, but it will, at least, be interesting (though saddening) to learn in what form the news reached one of our Indian military stations, and what was the effect on the public mind there.

"Dinapore,

"12th May, 1857.

"There has been great disatisfaction among the native troops in this country on account of the new rifle cartridge. They have indeed, openly rebelled. It is true that only a few have done so, but it is feared that the dissatisfaction is general.

"At Barrackpore last March a Sepoy fired at the Adjutant, and the native guard refused to arrest him. The Sepoy and the officer of the guard were both executed last month.

"The 19th and 34th Native Infantry have both been broken up. The 19th was at Berhampore, and was marched to Barrackpore on purpose to be disbanded.

"In this station the other day, they set fire to their own lines, burning the barracks of three regiments. Two Sepoys have been taken on suspicion, and, if found guilty, will be hanged. We had three guns

* Malcolm here refers to the Crimean, Persian, and Chinese wars.

sent here for our protection the other day. The burning of the Sepoy lines was thought by those in authority to be merely a scheme to draw the European regiment out, unarmed, for the purpose, of putting out the fire, but we were not allowed to leave our lines. (There are three native regiments here, and one European regiment, with three guns).

"At night for safety we place all the women and children in the church, with a strong guard loaded and ready for action."

"Dinapore,

"12th June, 1857.

"When I last wrote I told you of the dissatisfaction existing among the native army of the East India Company, and the disbanding of two native corps at Barrackpore for mutiny. It is with deep regret that I have to relate to you that the frightful work has been going on ever since I last wrote.

"At Meerut the 10th of last month, when the European were at church, the 20th regiment, Native Infantry, made a rush to where their arms were locked up, for the native troops' arms are always locked up, except when used for parade or duty. The 11th regiment, Native Infantry, who were in the same station, immediately went to their officers and told them that the 20th were in arms, and that they should get their arms for the purpose of putting the 20th down. The officers of the 11th, suspecting that all was not right, reasoned with the men, and said they would go down and speak to the men of the 20th regiment. The Colonel, poor fellow, instantly repaired to the lines of the 20th, and commenced addressing them, when he was shot dead, about a dozen bullets entering his body. The officer was Colonel Finnis, who was in the 51st regiment at Mooltan. This was the signal for the attack. The 11th and 3rd Cavalry (Natives) instantly got their arms and began the work of destruction and murder. They burnt the buildings, and murdered every European they came across, without regard to age or sex.

"There were British troops in Meerut—the 60th Rifles, some of the 6th Dragoons, and also two or three troops of artillery. The Sepoys carried on their blood-thirsty deeds until the 60th, and the dragoons were brought out. Then they fled. Whatever our people were doing to be so long in taking action I cannot tell. Everybody blames General Hewett, who was in command at Meerut The best thing I have heard said for him is that he is in his dotage.

"The atrocities committed by these desperate savages cannot be told. We know of one case, in which they not only slew an officer's wife with fiendish cruelty, but also hewed to pieces her unborn offspring.

"Would to God it had ended here ; but on being driven out of Meerut they made for Delhi, one of our largest towns, where there was a great arsenal and a large magazine, commanded by Brigadier Graves. The three native regiments at Delhi shot their officers, and joined the insurgents. Lieutenant Willoughby, of the Bengal Artillery, who was in Delhi, on hearing of the insurgents from Meerut, undertook the defence of the magazine. Large numbers of the rebels assailed this point, and paid the penalty with their lives.

"When all his ammunition was expended, Willoughby, with a most praiseworthy and heroic spirit, to prevent the magazine falling into the hands of the insurgents, in which case they would have secured ample means to carry out their malicious designs, laid a train, and blew it up. I have not heard whether he escaped.*

"By the blowing up of the magazine between one and two thousand rebels perished. The force from Meerut and Delhi, together with regiments from other stations, who had turned out and murdered their officers, took possession of the place, together with seven lac of

* "Willoughby and three others got away scorched, maimed, bruised and nearly insensible ; but Scully and his comrades were ever seen again. Willoughby died of his injuries six weeks afterwards, whilst India and Europe were ringing with his name." J. Talboys Wheeler.

rupees, and now hold both the city and fort of Delhi. Happily all the officers and other Europeans in Delhi are not destroyed, but they can have only poor chance of escape to Calcutta or any other safe place when the country is in such a state of revolt.

"In Oude, the country annexed last year, there is nothing but murder and plunder going on right and left. In short, the whole country is against us,—about two hundred thousand of a native army against a few handfuls of Europeans who are scattered all over the country. I do not believe there is a native regiment that can be trusted."

"Dinapore,
12th June, 1857.

"I daresay you would like to know how we are getting on here in Dinapore. Badly enough, indeed! We are actually worn off our feet for want of rest, watching, day and night, three native regiments who are in the station with us. We are momentarily expecting a turn out. We have fifty rounds per man, and are loaded day and night. All the Europeans outside the station have come in. The officers are armed with revolver pistols. We expected a turn out on Sunday night last. We were kept under arms all night. Our force here is eight companies of the 10th and three guns, and we provide upwards of a picquet of two hundred every night.

"The men are hoping for an attack; the suspense is simply killing. It is horrible to think that the men on duty with you are waiting for a chance to turn round and shoot you. Break out they will, unless troops arrive immediately, or Delhi is taken from the rebels. We are now confined to barracks, and not allowed out for fear of a surprise.

I will now give you an account of an affair that took place with some of my own regiment at Benares. Last week there were two companies* of the 10th sent to Benares, expecting they would break out there. The force at Benares consisted of the 37th native regiment, a

* No. 2 and No. 7

wing of Sikh infantry, a regiment of irregular cavalry, and a battery of European artillery, under the command of Captain Olpherts. The native regiments made for their arms. Our men were instatntly turned out, and marched to their lines, where the Sepoys were drawn up to receive them. Our men were supported by the Sikhs and irregular cavalry. As soon as our men got up to them the Sepoys fired. Our men returned it steadily, and instantly retired behind the guns, which opened on the enemy, doing great mischief The cavalry and the Sikhs for a time remained faithful, but all at once they turned upon our men, so that about three hundred Europeans were assailed before and behind at the same time by two infantry and cavalry regiment. Could men be placed in more trying circumstances? But our men maintained the character of the corps for steadiness and courage, and succeeded in driving them off. We lost three killed and ten wounded, but some have died since of their wounds."

In this affair at Benares one of the 10th, Private John Kirk, of No. 7 Company, acted with conspicuous valour. Captain Brown, of the Benares Staff, and his household, were completely surrounded by the Sep ys Kirk voluntarily, and at the imminent risk of his own life, went to their help, and was the means of their escape. Malcolm, referring to this event, wrote :—

"Kirk is a fair character, but prior to this event was not better known in the regiment than most men of his length of service. All brave men are killed because of the credit they bring to the regiment, and of course Kirk is talked of a great deal, and great interest is being taken in him, both by officers and men."

The daring gallantry of Private Kirk in connections with the Benares mutiny was rewarded with the Victoria Cross.

The letter continues :—

"In Ferozepore the 61st were engaged with the Sepoys on the 13th of last month, but as the post is stopped we don't know how they got on there. The force has been ordered from China, and it is expected

troops will be sent out immediately from England, as the country and every European's life in it is in great danger."

Under a later date we learn that tidings of rebellion continued to reach Dinapore from different parts. Cawnpore, as might be expected, is specially mentioned. Malcolm writes :—

"I cannot tell you the feelings of the men. At first we could not believe that this slaughter had really taken place. Now that we are certain of it, the men are mad, and oh, how they go about swearing and vowing to avenge this atrocity. You, much as you may be distressed at these things, can form no idea of the feelings of the troops. They are wrought up to the highest pitch of madness, and are burning to go at these murdering monsters."

We cannot wonder that such feelings took possession of the troops. Revolt and assassination were nothing compared with Sepoy crimes! The atrocities and indignities perpetrated by these men were so incredibly vile, and of such loathsome cruelty that any mere recital of these outrages would be an offence against purity and every humane feeling.

The letter concludes :—

"I will now conclude, and not knowing what may happen ere this letter is answered, I have made arrangements, in case anything should happen to me, that you will hear of it."

CHAPTER III.

UNDER MAJOR VINCENT EYRE AND COLONEL LONGDEN.

SEPTEMBER TO NOVEMBER, 1857.

LONG EXPECTED OUTBREAK AT DINAPORE.—REBELS RUSH TO ARRAH. —SLAUGHTER OF PURSUERS UNDER CAPTAIN DUNBAR.—VALOUR OF DENNIS DEMPSEY.—MAJOR VINCENT EYRE, R.A., RELIEVES ARRAH.—SOME COMPANIES OF THE 10TH JOIN EYRE.—A SAD SEPOY TROPHY.—DEFEAT OF THE REBELS UNDER KUNWER SINGH AT JUDGESPORE.—DENNIS DEMPSEY AGAIN.—FIVE COMPANIES OF 10TH SERVE UNDER COLONEL LONGDEN.—ATTACK ON FORT ATTROWLEA.

THE dreaded catastrophe came at last, and strange as it may appear, Dinapore proved altogether unprepared for the eve " which so long had given warning of its approach !

Dinapore,

"September, 1857.

"When I last wrote to you I said that we feared an outbreak among the native troops here. Our fears were realised on the 25th of July. Major-General Lloyd, commanding the station, ordered that the percussion caps should be taken from the Sepoys. These fellows were already in a state of great excitement, and this order became the signal for revolt. They fired at their officers, rushed to their lines, fired all the buildings they could, and then made off pell-mell for Arrah, which lies just across the river Soane. I can imagine you saying 'Did the 10th and other British troops do nothing to stop them ?" No, we didn't. The fact is, things were in a regular muddle. The Major-

General was on board a steamer in the river, and no one seemed to have authority to act in his absence. At Arrah there were rather more than a dozen Europeans and a force of fifty Sikhs, which, owing to the disturbed state of affairs, had been sent to them from Patna, the capital of the district. On hearing of the approach of the rebels, these took possession of a house which they had turned, by ammunition and provisions, into a little fortress.

"Major-General Lloyd made an attempt to relieve Arrah. He sent a force composed of men of the 10th, and the 37th (some companies of which regiment had landed at Dinapore about a week previously). They were placed under the command of Captain Dunbar, and proceeded by steamer to a point within a march of Arrah. Leaving the steamer and boats to await their return, our troops proceeded on their march with bright hopes of bringing away their countrymen safely.

"They reached the suburbs of Arrah about midnight of the same day, and were surprised by the Sepoys, who were awaiting them in ambush. The slaughter was frightful. Our men made for the boats, but were followed by about two thousand Sepoys, who shot them down along the whole line of retreat. Some of those who escaped the bullets of the enemy were burned to death by the river side, for the rebels fired the thatch-covered boats. Captain Dunbar fell at the very outset. There had been talk of Colonel Fenwick leading this force. I'm glad he did not go. But perhaps if he had gone our men would have stood a better chance. Anyhow, I am glad he is alive and well.

"One officer named Erskine was wounded, and for five weary miles he was carried to the boats by two of our men, Private Dennis Dempsey and another man, Private O'Connor—I think that is his name. Erskine won his commission from the ranks in about six years. He enlisted about the same time as myself.* He was with the regiment through the two Sikhs campaigns.

* Earksine was promoted Ensign in 1855. He was shot through the spine, and died of the wound.

"More than half the force (it was only small, less than four hundred and fifty men) were left dead between Arrah and the river, and very few indeed were not wounded.

"When the steamer with Ensign Erskine and the wounded returned to Dinapore, the alarm I assure you was shocking, amounting almost to a panic. The steamer stopped at the hospital, instead of the usual landing place. A lady, the wife of one of our officers, sent my wife down to the hospital to get news of her husband, who had gone with the troops to Arrah. She saw them carry Erskine and the others out of the steamer. It is awful to think of! The women say that his little daughter was crying the whole day he left for Arrah, and said she feared he never would come back. Strange to say, the officer my wife went to ask about was wounded by an accident."

Like every other victory of the rebels, this disaster was magnified into a crushing defeat of the British power. The next relief column was commanded by Major Vincent Eyre, R.A., who was moving up the country towards Allahabad. He passed through Dinapore on the day of the mutiny of the 7th, 8th, and 40th Native Infantry, and hearing later on of the critical state of affairs at Arrah, he turned aside from his route to help the besieged Europeans and their comrades. His force consisted of his own battery, some of the 5th Fusiliers, which were also proceeding up the country, and a few irregulars. When he met the enemy the fight was a severe one He cleared the field at last by a bayonet charge. These Sepoys could not bear the sight of bright, cold steel—apparently nothing so soon threw them into a panic. The enemy retreated to Judgespore, a town in the jungles which bears that name, and the residence and stronghold of Rajah Kunwer Singh.

It took Major Eyre some days to settle matters at Arrah, and a number of the 10th were sent from Dinapore to join him, among whom was Malcolm, who wrote home :—

"We marched over the ground where the men, sent by Major-General Lloyd, were attacked. The natives had collected the caps of

our slain men and piled them in a heap in token of their triumph over us. Oh ! it did make our blood boil, I assure you."

When the men of the 10th, who were sent to Major Eyre, reached Arrah, they were intensely interested in the building which had been so successfully defended by their brave fellow countrymen and their Sikh supporters, and also in the house of Mr. Wake, the chief magistrate. In the latter the rebels had rummaged to their hearts' content among Mr. Wake's books and papers. Books and papers were scattered in every direction. Malcolm picked up a recently mutilated, copy of the *Spectator*, which he carried in his pack to the end of the campaign, when, to his disappointment, some relic monger appropriated it.

As soon as Major Eyre could safely leave Arrah he started in pursuit of the rebel force.

In the letter already quoted Malcolm writes :—

"In two or three days, away we went after the rebels. We drove them out of the thick jungles, and away from Judgesp re. Here Dennis Dempsey distinguished himself again, but he might have got into serious trouble. Early in the fight the rebels seemed to be doing all the work. Dempsey lost all control of himself, and dashed out of the ranks, yelling for the men to come on and see what Sepoys were made of. I heard someone call out, 'Who's that man ?' The only answer was a general rush of the men after Dempsey. He was the first to reach the enemy's position, where he spiked two guns with his ramrod.

"I have spoken Dempsey before. He is a comrade to be proud of. He is absolutely fearless of death. I really believe our regiment has no man his equal in pluck. He is a very kind fellow too. He would hurt no living thing unnecessarily. I know him well, and he professess some attachment for me. He is a true friend, a man you may place the greatest confidence and trust in. The officers, and every man, woman, and child in the regiment like him.

"The enemy was repulsed with great loss. We burned the palace and other large buildings. The chief rebel, Kunwer Singh, escaped,

and is still at large Our force was broken up towards the end of last month, when we returned to Dinapore.

"Matters are much quieter here just now, but we hear sad accounts of the state of the country generally. Where our next move will be I have no idea."

"Camp,

"13th November, 1857.

"We have seen more hard marching and fighting since I wrote you in September. On the 12th of October, three companies of the .0th, and two companies of the .7th Madras Native Infantry, who as yet are considered loyal, with three guns, started after a force of rebels some thousands strong, who, with three guns, were going round plundering the district. We had fourteen day's march to Benares, where our two companies joined us. We were under the command of Colonel Longden. We marched from Benares on the 29th, and on the 4th or 5th of November expected to engage the enemy, but on our coming within one day's march of them, they retired and took possession of the fort of Attrowlea. We followed them up, and on the morning of the 9th November we came in sight of the fort. Within a mile of the fort we caught two Sepoy spies. On one we found a lady's gold watch and three hundred rupees. This scoundrel was one of the actors in the horrid tragedy committed at Cawnpore. We hanged them both that night. The men could with difficulty be kept from tearing them to pieces. The enemy opened fire upon us about half-past nine in the morning, and about ten we got our guns in position and opened fire on them. Our position was well wooded, and we had a good cover behind the trees. Our big guns played on the fort until sunset without being able to make a breach or an entrance of any kind. All this time we were out skirmishing, firing on them whenever we got a chance. On night setting in, our Colonel, with great caution and skill, would not allow us to storm the place. We retired and pitched camp, and left some native troops round the fort. In the morning to our great surprise

the fort was forsaken ! I can assure you we were but a handful against a strong force behind walls. We had one man killed and four wounded. The losses of the enemy were great, and we took all their stores, ammunition, and three guns. I had a very narrow escape, and have great reason to be thankful to Almighty God for having spared my life. A ball passed through the curtain (pugree) of my cap (for we wear pugrees to keep off the sun), and then through my rear rank man's cap.

"I don't think the 10th will leave the Behar district, as we are the only Europeans in it. We have five companies in Dinapore, and five companies here in a jungle, about one hundred miles from Dinapore, waiting to move whenever the rebels rise.

"We can get scarcely anything to eat, but we have our health, and will put up with a good deal to chastise these wretches for the cruelties they have committed. We certainly shall be vrey often engaged with the rebels, as the district is very large. You must not be surprised if I did't write to you so often, for it is only in certain places that we can write."

CHAPTER IV.

WITH FIELD FORCE OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANKES, C.B., 1857—1858.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANKS' FORCE.—MARCH FOR LUCKNOW. —SKIRMISHING IN OUDE.—ACTION AT CHANDA.—REPULSE OF ENEMY AT UMERAPORE —ACTION AT SULTANPORE.— UNSUCCESSFUL ATTACK ON FORT OF DAROWHDA.—JOINS THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF BEFORE LUCKNOW.—GREAT HOPES.

IN November, 1857, Brigadier-General Franks, who, as Colonel, commanded the 10th in Meerut in 1845, also at Sobraon, Mooltan, and Gujerat, was appointed to the command of the troops in the Azimgurh and Jaunpore Districts. His Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General was Captain Havelock,* son of General Havelock, the hero of Lucknow. Captain Havelock was several years Adjutant of the 10th, under Colonel Franks. General Franks' force comprised the 10th, 20th, and 97th regiments, some Royal Madras and Bengal Artillery, also six regiments of Goorkhas (troops of an ally, the Maharajah, or King of Nepaul), a force in all about six thousand, with twenty guns. This force was to join the Commander-in-Chief before Lucknow, suppressing in its march the rebels of the Oude country.

Early in 1858 Malcolm wrote :—

"It is more than three months since we left Dinapore, and we have been moving about this district all the time. If we have had very severe marching. We are now taking from twenty to sixty prisoners a day, and destroying by fire every place that prove a

* Now Major-General Sir H. M. Havelock-Allan, Bart., V.C., K.C.B., M.P.

cover for the enemy. Sometimes there is a skirmish, but we shall have some hard fighting by all accounts. The rebel leader here is called Mehndee Hosain, and claims the sovereignty of Sultanpore, though he is of obscure origin, and no better than a brigand, either in purposes or conduct. He commands upwards of fifteen thousand men, and has a number of guns. The only thing that has saved the enemy from being completely cut up is that they fly to the jungles if overcome. They know the country well, and are very clever at scattering and getting away so as to re-unite at some other point."

The next letter relates the victories of General Franks, and his arrival before Lucknow.

"Before Lucknow,
"5th March, 1858.

"Our force under Brigadier-General Franks joined the British forces before Lucknow yesterday at evening. The past fortnight has been a memorable one to us, and will establish the fame of General Franks. Let me tell you all about our march. We have met the enemy at Chanda, Umerapore, Sultanpore, Darowdha and other places, and only met with one repulse, of which I shall have something to say.

"On the 20th of last month we attacked the rebel force at *Chanda* There were more than eight thousand men with eight guns.

"The rebel Commander sent to his Chief, Mehndee Hosain, who was in the neighbourhood with a larger army, for help. Reinforcements were sent, but approached their destination to find the force they sought to join had been completely routed by us. We gave them a warm reception, I assure you, and they were soon flying in all directions. This repulse of the enemy took place at the village of *Umera pore*, where, after the action of Chanda, we had taken up our position to receive them.

"It is to be regretted that we were not able to follow up these victories owing to the fact that we have practically *no cavalry*. The

General has put some of the 10th on horses, forming a sort of mounted infantry, and they do splendid service. Five hundred good sabres would complete our force and shorten our work.

"Three days after we engaged the rebel Chief at *Sultanpore.* His force was much stronger now, for he was joined by other bands, and the rebels at Lucknow had sent him troops. The number of the enemy must have been twenty-five thousand. Their position was strong, but our General soon found out its weak place, and while he diverted the attention of the rebels by a false attack, secured almost unnoticed this point of advantage. From that moment the rebel force was almost panic stricken, and began to give way. We captured the entire camp, also twenty guns, including one thirty-two pounder."

After the battle of Sultanpore, General Franks was joined by Lieut. Aikman (with six hundred cavalry), who, within a few days added another success, which is not mentioned by Malcolm, to the repeated victories of the column. Aikman, with one hundred men, fell in with about seven hundred of the enemy. By a dashing charge he scattered them, and took two guns. About one fourth of their number was left dead on the field, and the rest, many of whom were mounted, made off. Aikman, who headed the charge, was badly wounded.

Malcolm continues :—

"It is very strange that after such a splendid march, in which we covered one hundred and fifty miles, and met the enemy several times in less than two weeks, we were at the close repulsed. This occurred yesterday. When within ten miles of Lucknow, Franks detached a small force to attack the fort of *Darowhda.* The strength of the enemy was miscalculated, and we had to retire with a gallant officer killed, and another badly wounded,* and the enemy encouraged to further mischief. As these are days when the authorities, and people generally,

* The officer who was killed was an officer of the 97th (Ensign Percy Smyth), and the officer badly wounded was Captain (now Major-General) Macleod Innes, R.E., V.C.

are anxious and become alarmed if any slight advantage is given to the enemy, it is possible that this one misfortune will do much to dim the lustre of General Franks' splendid work during the past few days.

"The siege here was commenced by the Commander-in-Chief two days ago. I hope that my next will tell you of the capture of the place. Lucknow is the old capital of the Oude country, and with its fall the mutiny will be ended."

This was the expectation not only of every soldier on the campaign, but also of those who, in England and elsewhere, were watching the progress of events with sorrowful, but hopeful interest. The capture of Lucknow was performed skilfully and gallantly, but on two occasions, owing to certain errors for which the Commander-in-Chief himself is held responsible by the historians of the mutiny, large masses of the enemy were permitted to escape, and these prolonged a desultory warfare in different parts of the country for some months after Lucknow had been recovered.

CHAPTER V. (HISTORICAL SKETCH).

CAPTURE OF LUCKNOW—MARCH, 1858.

PROGRESS OF THE MUTINY AT LUCKNOW.—LUCKNOW IN HANDS OF THE REBELS.—REPEATED ATTEMPTS TO RETAKE LUCKNOW.—FINAL CAPTURE.—SIR JAMES OUTRAM.—TERRIBLE CANNONADING.—THE VICTORIES OF THE 14TH OF MARCH.—THE PALACE TAKEN.—NO QUARTER.—HOW OUR MEN KEPT TO THEIR WORK.—PRISONERS RELEASED.—REGIMENTAL LOSSES.—GRATITUDE.

LUCKNOW ! This name together with those of Delhi and Cawnpore, comes to mind instantly the great Indian mutiny is mentioned. This was the only large town where the 10th was in action during this sanguinary crisis, most of their fighting being done before native towns, country forts, and intricate jungles, though their services were none the less useful, nor at times less perilous even, than that of their comerades in more prominent positions. In order to show exactly the part played by the 10th before Lucknow, it will be well to give here a rapid outline of the progress of the mutiny at this important centre.

Throughout the second and third weeks in May (1857) tidings reached Lucknow of the state of affairs at Meerut, Delhi, Benares, Allahabad, and Ferozepore, and everything was done that could be thought of to avert the threatening of danger. On the 26th of this month the women and children were brought from the cantonments to the Residency, which was provisioned and fortified in case of a seige. This precaution was not taken too early, for on the 30th the three regiments of Native Infantry (13th, 48th, and 71st), flew to their arms, pillaged and fired the cantonments, three officers losing their lives. From this date our people were gradually hemmed in until on the

30th of June, the day after the tidings of the Cawnpore massacre reached them and two days before Sir Henry Lawrence, their chief, was mortally wounded, they were all shut up in the Residency, other fortified points in the neighbourhood being forsaken, and the terrible siege commenced in downright earnest.

On the death of Lawrence, Major Banks became Chief Commissioner, but within a month the besieged town was deprived of his direction, he being killed when reconnoitring from the roof of a house. Meanwhile the situation of the brave garrison through heat, the stench from unburried carcases, destruction to buildings from the constant fire of the enemy, want of provisions and daily casualties, had become feerfully distressing.

Lucknow was only wrested from the rebels when British forces had moved against them on four different occasions.

There can be no doubt, however, that this protracted fighting before Lucknow was the salvation of our Empire in India. It concentrated the rebel forces, and confined in their operations. If Lucknow had fallen, these forces would have been let loose upon India generally before our reinforcement arrived from England, and then nothing but conquest could have given us India again.

Towards the close of July, Brigadier-General Havelock pushed on from Cawnpore, where he had defeated Nana Sahib, to attempt the relief of Lucknow, but owing to sickness among his men he had to fall back again.† This was very dispiriting to the imprisoned garrison, for the Quarter-Master-General of Havelock's force had been able to communicate to them the advance of the troops, news which revived the most despairing and made the whole garrison positively cheerful in spite of their surroundings. After Havelock retired, the daily fighting and suffering went on as before.

Havelock was joined at Cawnpore on the 15th of September by Sir James Outram, K.C.B., "the valiant, incorrupt; self-denying,

† On the 25th August, 1857, Havelock's force only numbered six hundred and eighty-five effective men.

magnainmous," who as senior officer might have taken command, but the noble generosity insisted on Havelock keeping command till he accomplished his heart's desire—the relief of Lucknow. Havelock entered Lucknow on the 25th September. The fact that, of the two thousand six hundred men who left Cawnpore, not less than one-third were killed or wounded before Havelock reached the Residence, indicates the terrible character of the struggle with the multitudinous foes who surged around our imprisoned countrymen.* Though nothing in the way of evacuation could be effected, or even attempted, it is certain that but for this timely reinforcement, the horrors of the siege must have terminated quickly by the fall of the bravely-defended Residency. On entering Lucknow, Sir James Outram assumed command of the troops, being invested also with the authority of Chief Commissioner.

The next reinforcements reached Lucknow under Sir Colin Campbell, the Commander-in-Chief. Sir Colin left Calcutta on the 2 th of October, reached Cawnpore on November the 9th and three days later was fighting in the suburbs of Lucknow. On the 17th of November, about a mile from the Residency, Sir Colin Campbell and Sir James Outrum grasped each other's hands, and on the 20th the soldiers of the Commander-in-Chief mingled, amid ecstacies of joy, with the brave, worn men and women of the garrison. Two days later, at midnight, the successful withdrawl of the garrison was begun, a march that was suddened by an overwhelming sorrow, which was mourned throughout the whole civilised world—the death of gallant General Havelock from dysentry on the 24th. The garrison reached Allahabad on the 7th of December.

When the Commander-in-Chief moved away with the rescued garrison from Lucknow, which was still in the hands of the rebels, Outram with a small force of four thousand men remained in the

* "I paraded on the morning of the 25th September for the assault with 2,100. Before night we lost 656, or 1 in every 3½."—Major-General H velock-Allan.

neighbourhood. "It was a bold idea of Sir Colin Campbell to leave a small British force, under four thousand strong, during so long a period in such an exposed position, but the result proved that he was justified by his knowledge of the remarkable man whom he entrusted with the heavy responsibility of maintaining it all hazards."* The Commander-in-Chief returned to the fray in the following March, and before long the city was wrested from the rebel troops.

Brigadier-General Franks joined the Commander-in-Chief before Lucknow on March the 4th, and in the final contest for possession of the city the 10th played an important part. Sergeant Malcolm tells the story of the capture of Lucknow very simply, and yet intelligently, in the following letter :—

"Lucknow,
"24th March, 1858.

"Lucknow is in our hands. The siege commenced on the 2nd of March. Little or nothing was done that day, more than taking up a position. Operations were first commenced against the Dilkoosha or Deer Park, which was taken in fine style. Sir James Outram was sent with a force to the other side of the river Goomtee to act in conjunction with the Commander-in- Chief on this side of the river. Both forces attacked at the same time. The rebels were completely surrounded, and escape was impossible. It was a wonder they held out so long against the splendid force of British troops under the Commander-in-Chief. The shelling was constant night and day. I have seen ten or twelve shells in the air at one time. Day after day places were taken from them until the morning of the 13th inst. By the 13th inst. the ground between the first and second line of works was completely cleared of Sepoys. This was largely owing to the fact that the force across the river had gone behind the enemy's works (there being no real protection on the river side), and poured into them such a storm of shot and shell that there was nothing left for the rebels but to die or fly.

* Malleson's "Mutiny."

marble, and the walls of the rooms were hung with gold and silver. The chandeliers and furniture were superb ; in fact, I could not give you a faint idea of the magnificance of the place. You will see it in the papers better than I can describe it."

Private Dennis Dempsey, to whom reference has been made on two previous occasions, at this time acted with great coolness and courage, but Malcolm passes over the event without a word owing, no doubt, to the fact that they had seen nothing of each other on the 14th, and Malcolm had not heard the particulars when he wrote.

At one point in the advance from the Emambara, it was necessary to convey powder for the purpose of mining an entrance in the rear of the enemy's position. Dempsey learned the state of affairs. Handing his musket to a comrade, he threw off his coat, and, mounting on his back a bag of powder, made off with it. There lay between him and destination a blazing suburb. Had a spark fallen on the bag, Dempsey would, in all probability, have been blown to atoms Nor was this his only danger. He had to run the gauntlet of a murderous fire from Sepoys. Uninjured, the brave Irishman deposited his burden in position, and then ran panting back, braving again the Sepoy bullets. Before he joined his company, the rocket had done its work, the barrier was gone, and the enemy's position exposed. Dempsey did not consider his duty over, for he was one of the first to enter the position so successfully assailed. This brave soldier was rewarded with the much coveted Victoria Cross.*

This man would doubtless have been rapidly promoted, but for an unfortunate propensity for intoxicating drink. This is a meloncholy warning to the young soldier who boasts that he knows "when to

* "Dennis Dempsey was the most dashing soldier, as well as one of the handsomest men, I ever saw. He died in 1866."—Major-General Havelock-Allen.

top." Strong drink has betrayed some of the strongest, bravest, wisest, and best of men.

Malcolm's letter of 24th March concludes :—

"The fighting went on until a couple of days ago, for after the fall of Kaisar Bagh, there was the Residency to take, and the city and suburbs to clear of rebels. During these three weeks we all felt we were engaged in desperate work. For nine days and nights we did not change our clothes. We were not allowed to take off our belts and boots. We were not even permitted to wash our faces, so constantly did we keep watch over the foe until the place was in our hands. At another time, the fight was so fierce, and the sun so hot, that we (the stormers of the 10th), were fighting in our shirt sleeves. This was no place for women, and yet the 20th, two English ladies* were discovered and released—they were prisoners with these wretches. The rescue was made by some of the troops who were acting with the 20th last month—the Nepaul troops.

"Our loss, in my regiment, was one officer and twelve men killed, and thirty wounded, but many of the latter will not recover.

"We have received the thanks of the Commander-in-Chief in orders. He told us that every officer and soldier had done his duty and deserved the highest reward from government.

"I am quite well, and thank God for all my escapes. Since the mutiny commenced, I have been six times engaged with the enemy, independently of the siege, where I was night and day exposed to the fire.

"We expect in a day or two to be sent to our several stations, and there is talk of our going home this year."

* Mrs. Orr and Miss Jcak

CHAPTER VI.

WITH BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR E. LUGARD, K.C.B.

HOME—RECALLED.—RELIEF OF AZIMGURH.—OPERATIONS AGAINST UMMUR SINGH IN JUDGESPORE JUNGLES.—A FORSAKEN MEAL —A COMPANY OF THE 10TH LOST.—STAMPING OUT THE FIRE.—A PEACEFUL ENDING.

AT the close of the siege of Lucknow, the 10th received orders to proceed to Calcutta, and prepare to return home to England, This journey was commenced on the 28th of March. The regiment had been out seventeen years, and we cannot doubt therefore, that this march opened amid joyous hopes, and devout thanks, provoked by the anticipation of soon seeing happy England and old familiar faces again. But the homeward journey was abruptly terminated by an order to return to camp life, forced marches, and the field of battle.

Kunwer Singh, who joined the Dinapore rebels in July, 1857, and who had been carrying on raids in various places ever since, seized the fort of Attrowlea, where the 10th were engaged under Lieutenant-Colonel Longden in the previous November, Colonel Milman, who commanded the district, marched against him, was driven back, and obliged to take refuge in Azimgurh, where he became surrounded by the rebels. Reinforcements speedily arrived from Benares, Ghazipore, and Allahabad, but they could effect nothing, and, like the force they had come to relieve, were hemmed in by the foe.

By this time a still large force was on its way from Lucknow. When Sir Colin Campbell heard of the disaster to Colonel Milman he ordered Sir E. Lugard, at head of a force comprising the 10th, 34th, and 84th regiments, seven hundred Sikh cavalry d h teen

guns, to march to the relief of Azimgurh. For this purpose the 10th *were recalled from their march to Calcutta*, and started with Colonel Lugard's brigade on the 29th for Azimgurh.

It was soldier like for Malcolm to write :—

"The Articles of war say 'Obedience is the first duty of a soldier,' so we cannot grumble whatever comes."

On the march Colonel Lugard's force fell in with a large body of rebels, and humbled them by a crushing defeat. In this conflict he lost Lieutenant Charles Havelock, the nephew of the Lucknow hero. On the 15th of April, Sir E. Lugard threatened Kunwer Singh, who, with more than twelve thousand men, surrounded Milman and his friends. The flower of Kunwer Singh's army withstood Lugard at the ford of the Soane river, between the recent battlefield and Azimgurh, and while the fight raged, the main body of the enemy made an orderly retreat towards the Ganges. A pursuing force was sent after the fugitives, but sent back word that greater number would be needed to inflict any damage on the foe. Sir John Douglas was therefore sent after the flying rebels, and almost closed with them twice the crafty Hindu retired, preserving good order among his men. At last Douglas brought him to bay, and gained a complete victory. Kunwer Singh was wounded. He fled across the Ganges, and retired to the fastnesses of the jungles of Judgespore, where he died in a few days. The remaining story is a very miserable one indeed. Before he died, Kunwer Singh, who had been joined by new forces at Judgespore, had the satisfaction of almost annihilating a British force under Captain LeGrand, who had served under Major Vincent Eyre in the relief of Arrah in the previous year. The British force under LeGrand issued from Arrah confident of victory, but not one-third of their number returned. This catastrophe brought up, not only Dougles, but Brigadier-General Lugard. The rebel forces were now commanded by Ummer Sngh, and the contest gradually wore itself away in a guerilla war. At times there was almost daily

fighting, and the rebels were so constantly beaten that it was clear at last that only time was required to entirely suppress them.

Throughout this contest the 10th endured great hardships, and rendered most invaluable service.

To act as scouts, and for the purpose of following retreating bodies of the enemy, and engaging them until sufficient number came up to make an organised attack, sixty men of the 10th were mounted. It will be remembered that the 10th rendered a similar service in Brigadier-General Franks' field force in the advance to Lucknow in February and March. In fact, it was this previous service under Franks that suggested the utility of such a force now. These men were invaluable. They dogged the steps of the rebels everywhere. So long were their marches that the poor horses continually fell dead beneath them from sheer exhaustion. They followed the foe through all the difficulties of their native jungles and mountains, and by their smartness developed many a short but decisive action.

During this war of the Judgespore jungles, the company to which Malcolm was attached had one or two noteworthy experiences. On one occasion the company was sent out from the main body to a position about a mile and a half to the front. Their provisions ran short, and one day they were altogether without food. Two bullocks, left behind by terrified peasantry who had forsaken the district, were captured, killed, and dressed, and preparations were made for a hearty repast. While the meal was cooking, and the savoury smell was making the appetites of the already hungry men keener than ever, distant firing was heard, and orders were instantly given to fall in. The half-cooked meal was left just as it was, and the company fell back upon the position lately occupied by the regiment. But no regiment was to be found, though the march was continued till nightfall. The regiment had moved without information reaching the detached company. There was nothing to be done but to encamp till morning, and await events

Luckily early next morning a mounted man of the 10th, who had been sent out to seek the lost company, was sighted, and the detachment joined the regiment without delay.

The 10th were withdrawn from the pursuit of the rebels in June. Preparations were immediately made for their return home, and they landed in England in July.

* * * * *

It remains to add that the warfare of the Judgespore jungles was continued from June to November under Brigadier-General Sir John Douglas, who assumed command owing to the ill-health of Sir E. Lugard. Towards the close of the year the smouldering embers of this disastrous fire were stamped out at a battle in the Kaimur Hills. After this engagement the broken-spirited rebels, as in other parts of India, were subjects not so much for the soldier as the police and civil authorities.

* * * * *

We must, however, briefly indicate Malcolm's course after his coming home. He was Colour and Pay Sergeant in 1862. Subsequently he was transferred to the Volunteers, and received his certificates as Sergeant Instructor and qualified Armourer, and was finally discharged at his own request after serving in the Regular and Auxiliary Forces forty one and a half years. The last years of his life were wholly devoted to promoting the moral welfare of our soldiers in a popular military centre, as an agent of the Army Scripture Readers' Society.

THE END

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